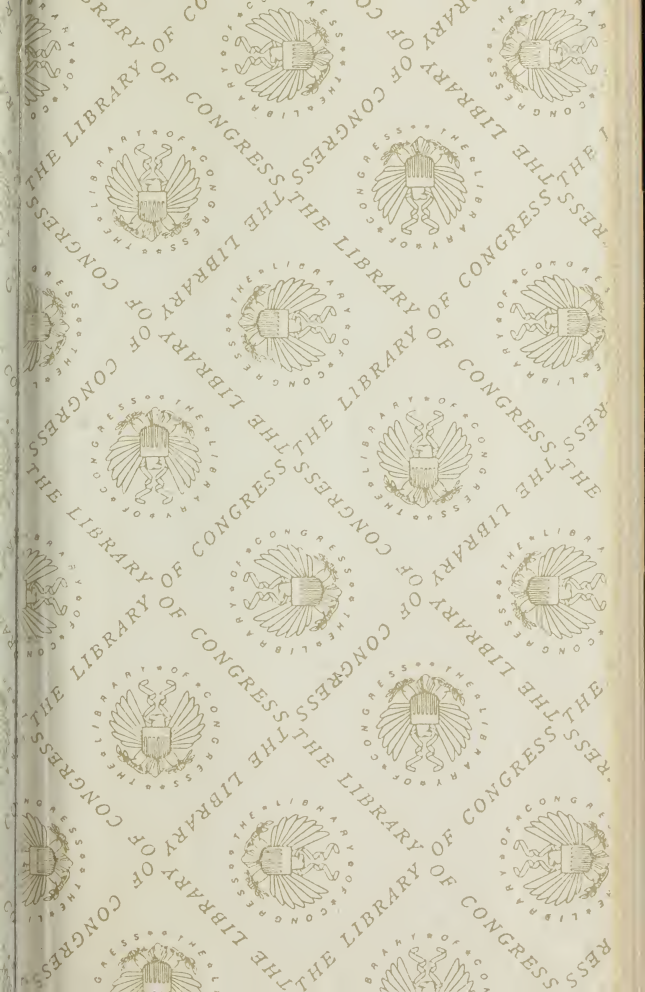
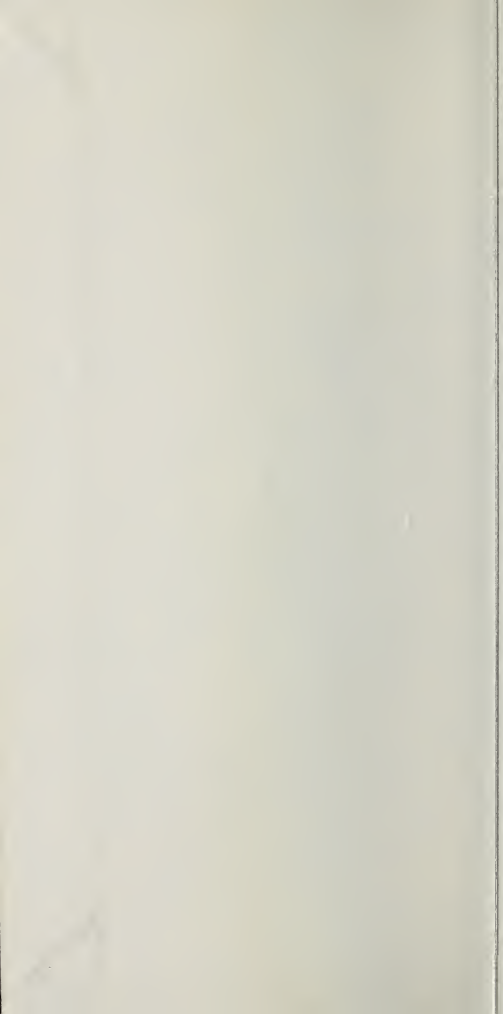


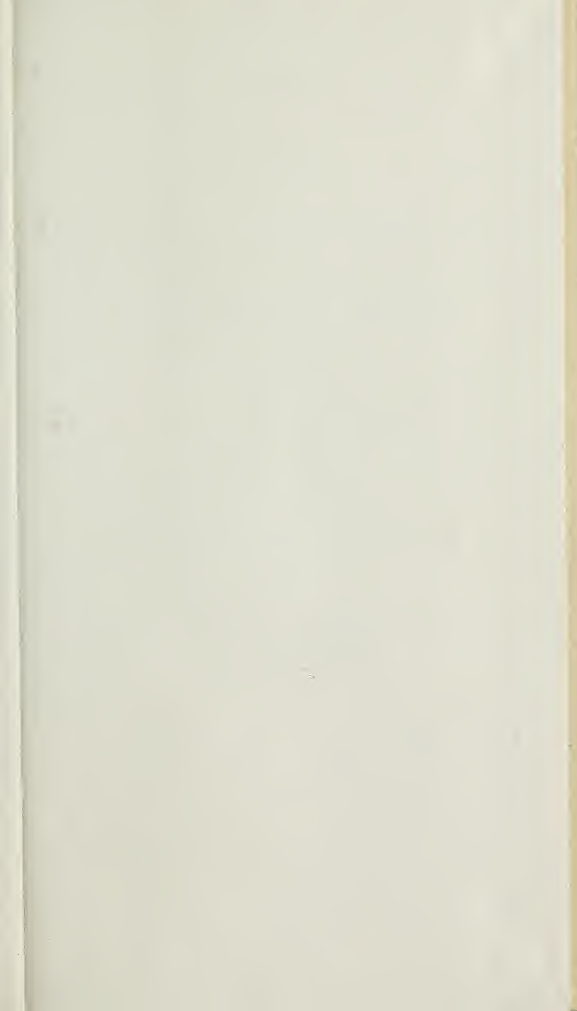
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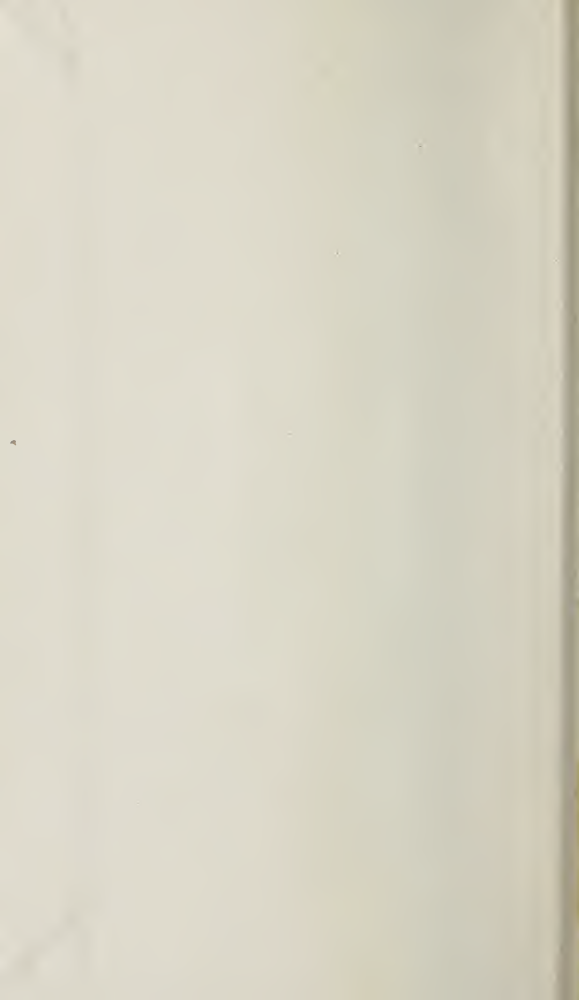
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CONVERSATIONS
ON THE
MACKINAW AND GREEN-BAY
INDIAN MISSIONS.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
*Conversations on the Sandwich Islands Mission, Malvina
Ashton, Naval Chaplain, &c.*

"Roll forward, dear Saviour, roll forward the day,
When all shall submit, and rejoice in thy sway!
When *white men and Indians*, united in praise,
One vast hallelujah triumphant shall raise."

Tuttle, Sarah.
REVISED BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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1831.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.....To wit :

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the third day of March, A. D. 1831, in the fifty fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, CHRISTOPHER C. DEAN, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, viz.

"Conversations on the Mackinaw and Green-Bay Indian Missions. In two parts. By the author of Conversations on the Sandwich Islands Mission, Malvina Ashton, Naval Chaplain, &c.

"Roll forward, dear Saviour, roll forward the day,
When all shall submit, and rejoice in thy sway!
When *white men and Indians*, united in praise,
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Revised by the Publishing Committee."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act entitled An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, { *Clerk of the District
of Massachusetts.*

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PART I.

LETTERS AND CONVERSATIONS ON THE INDIAN MISSION AT MACKINAW.

CHAPTER I.

“No more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard,
The ambush and slaughter no longer be fear'd ;
The tomahawk buried, shall rust in the ground,
While peace and good will to the nations abound.”

MR. PELHAM prosecuted his journey homeward so much more successfully than he had anticipated, when he wrote hoping to meet the family circle at Christmas, that he arrived early in October, and was received by his brother with the strongest expressions of affection. An attachment uncommonly strong and tender had subsisted between them, from their boyish days, and from the birth of Cornelia he had manifested for her almost as lively concern as her parents.

It was some time after his return before he felt wholly reconciled to the surprising change eight years had produced in the appearance

of his little favorite ; he could hardly realize that the tall, blooming and dignified Cornelia, was the same pale, prattling *little girl* he had so often carried in his arms before he went away. However he might mourn over the loss of his former plaything, he was happy to find he had acquired a sensible and intelligent companion. The more he studied the character of his niece, the more deep and fervent were his thanksgivings to God on her account ; for notwithstanding the keenness of her sensibility, it was apparent to all, that in her habitual deportment, she was actuated by *principle* rather than *feeling*, the reverse of which he had often deplored, in many of his professedly religious acquaintance.

Mrs. Claiborne heard of her brother's return with heartfelt satisfaction ; her husband being absent prevented her from going to welcome him immediately herself. Delia and her brothers were very importunate in their requests to set off the next day to their uncle Pelham's, for a short visit, hoping to persuade both their uncles, their aunt, and cousin Cornelia, to accompany them home in a few days. Mrs. Claiborne could make no reasonable objections, and Talbot, Jerome, and Delia, hastened their preparations for the little journey, and departed.

The same evening they were presented to their uncle, with whom they felt intimately acquainted, although Talbot alone had retained any distinct recollections of him. Jerome and Delia were so eager to hear him relate all he had seen and heard in the Indian country, that they were unwilling to hear anything else. Talbot as heartily longed to hear about the northwestern Indians; as his brother and sister, but being more diffident and reserved, he did not make so many direct efforts to turn the conversation into the desired channel, as they; but the next afternoon, when they succeeded, his sparkling eyes testified the pleasure he experienced. Their uncle inquired what tribe of Indians they felt most anxious to hear from. Jerome told him he wanted to hear about every tribe he had seen in the northwest. Cornelia expressed a wish to hear about Mackinaw and Green Bay.

Mr. Pelham. They are both places of deep interest to Christians.

Mrs. Pelham. I suspect they have not long been objects of Christian sympathy.

Mr. P. No; only ten years ago it was said the Christian Sabbath had not gone up so far as Mackinaw.

Jerome. Uncle, where is Mackinaw?

Mr. Pelham was sitting by the table, and

after taking out a neat pocket atlas of the United States, he spread it open, saying, "Here it is, in the Territory of Michigan, in the strait of Michilimackinack, (now pronounced Mackinaw,) which connects Lake Huron with Lake Michigan. It is an island, nine miles in circumference, nearly covered with woods, and take it altogether, it is the most romantic spot I ever saw.

Mrs. P. Do tell me, brother, if they had never enjoyed any religious privileges, ten years ago?

Mr. P. The first Protestant sermon ever preached at Mackinaw I have been told was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Morse, in 1820; the next year Rev. Dr. Yates passed a Sabbath there, and preached the second sermon ever heard upon the island; he felt deeply interested in the inhabitants, and used his influence to obtain a religious instructor for them.

Mrs. P. Did the mission at Mackinaw grow out of these providential visits?

Mr. P. Yes; at the request of Dr. Yates, the Rev. Mr. Ferry paid them a visit, but could not find a single person who gave evidence of piety. His feelings were shocked by the gross wickedness of the inhabitants, while his heart yearned over their moral mis-

eries. He labored unconnected with any society about ten months, and then received an appointment from the United Foreign Missionary Society, with instructions to establish a mission upon the island, in the most economical and useful manner he could devise.

After visiting New England, he left Massachusetts, with Mrs. Ferry, in 1823, and making a short stay at Albany, he arrived at Buffalo, the last of September, and on the first of October left that place in a steam boat for Detroit, which place they reached in three days. From the sixth to the nineteenth, they were on their way to Mackinaw, through severe storms and gales of wind that threatened their destruction. It was on Sabbath morning, the 19th of October, that Mr. Ferry landed at Mackinaw, as a missionary and superintendent of an establishment designed to benefit the Indians of various tribes, who annually resort to that island.

Jerome. Uncle, for what purpose do they collect at Mackinaw?

Mr. P. Mackinaw being the centre of the Fur Trade, thousands of Indians flock together there, to barter their peltry for other commodities. From early in the spring until the close of navigation in the fall, numerous bands of Indians collect upon the shores; sometimes

there are from one to two thousand at once in their encampments.

Talbot. What articles of merchandize are carried there for purposes of trade, uncle ?

Mr. P. Almost every kind. From this island the annual outfits and returns of goods and furs are made, to and from all the American trading posts upon the peninsula, to the north, northwest, and west ;—so that the missionary station on that island has the means of intercourse and influence with the Indians all around the waters of the three Lakes, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, and even beyond, north and west, to Hudson's Bay and the Mississippi.

Jerome. Uncle, how can you get from Mackinaw to the Mississippi ?

Mr. P. (Looking upon the map.) *Here* is Mackinaw, you must skim along near the coast, which makes your voyage to Green Bay nearly three hundred miles, yet if the weather proves favorable you will not be out generally over eight days. From Green Bay to the Mississippi by the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, you will find but one portage, and that only a mile and a half between those rivers ; across this, you must carry your goods, &c. by oxen, unless, as it sometimes happens, the

rivers are very high, when canoes may pass and repass.

Cornelia. Is it not almost an untrodden wilderness from Mackinaw to the Mississippi?

Mr. P. It is a dark region I will assure you, filled with numerous tribes of Indians in an uncivilized state, but being in great fear of the power of white men, travellers pass through their districts in safety, and generally find them harmless, and often very hospitable.

Talbot. Uncle, is there no other way to carry goods and fur from Mackinaw, except by the one you have described?

Mr. P. Yes, by the St. Mary, and Lake Superior.

Mrs. P. It is an important and interesting place. I long to hear how Mr. and Mrs. Ferry were received.

Mr. P. A crowd of the friends acquired by Mr. Ferry during his residence of ten months, were waiting on the beach to receive him; the boat arrived before day-light, but he did not go on shore till between nine and ten o'clock; the toils and dangers of their perilous journey were forgotten in that joyful moment. In the evening he preached to a full house.

Delia. Was there a house prepared for their reception?

Mr. P. No; but the agent of the American Fur Company, gave them a kind invitation to make his house their home, till they could secure accommodations that would be convenient. Within a fortnight Mr. Ferry hired part of a house about one third of a mile from the village. An Indian woman lived in the other part of it.

Cornelia. Had Mr. Ferry no helper in the mission?

Mr. P. No, not at first. The first week they received twelve scholars, and were obliged to refuse many who applied for admission, because his instructions allowed none but full and half blooded Indians to become members of the mission school. His heart bled for those children, who were equally needy and wretched with the full bloods, at the moment he rejected them, and he wrote a very feeling letter to his patrons, pleading the cause of the white children, and those of remote Indian descent, and requesting permission to receive them into his family, and labor to prepare them for another and a better world.

Jerome. How did they like the Indian woman with whom they lived?

Mrs. P. Very well. She was kind and friendly, and having been engaged in the fur

trade, her acquaintance with the Indians was extensive, and her influence over them very great; when they returned from their hunting tours, she would obtain their children for the school.

Talbot. Were there no other than Indian inhabitants at Mackinaw?

Mrs. P. Yes, from six to seven hundred persons, if you include the men in the garrison.

Cornelia. Did the school increase fast, after the twelve entered it?

Mr. P. Yes, so that before spring they had between thirty and forty.

Mrs. P. How did they manage so many without help?

Mr. P. Why they could do but little more than make them comfortable, for food and raiment, and teach them occasionally to read; as for regular, systematic school instruction, they were unable to give that till the next summer, when Mr. Ferry went down to fort Gratiot, and Miss Osmar accompanied him home to Mackinaw. During the winter Mrs. Ferry had the assistance of an old woman eighty years old, grandmother to one of the Indian girls, who was very faithful; and a pious man, who from love to the cause of

missions labored gratuitously a considerable time.

Delia. Did the children enter the school as destitute as those at the other missionary stations among the Indians?

Mr. P. Yes, Mr. Ferry observed at the time, in one of his communications, "As to the children we have already received, most of them have come to us so literally destitute of every thing, save rags and dirt, that we have had to clothe them throughout." It was thought by some persons that he went out abundantly furnished with clothing and other necessities, but he soon found that he had not more than one quarter enough.

Jerome. What did he do?

Mr. P. He economized in every possible way, yet I think they would have suffered severely if the agent of the American Fur Company, had not supplied their necessities in the most kind and generous manner. He offered to loan him articles, or sell them at very reduced prices, as might best suit the views of the missionary committee.

Mrs. P. I think there was a small mission established at *Fort Gratiot*, eight or nine years ago, by a society in New York.

Mr. P. The Northern Missionary Society

established one there in 1822, and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, and the same Miss Osmar who went home with Mr. Ferry, were the missionaries.

Delia. How could Miss Osmar be spared, uncle?

Mr. P. I will tell you ; Fort Gratiot was never considered a permanent location for a mission ; Mr. Hudson only hired a house and small farm, upon which he labored when out of school with his school boys.

Talbot. Where is Fort Gratiot, uncle?

Mr. P. Look on the strait of St. Clair, at the outlet of lake Huron.

Jerome. Here it is, Talbot—look. Uncle, is it a strong fortress?

Mr. P. It was not when I was there in the summer, being only surrounded by pickets, but government has recently ordered it to be made a strong post.

Delia. Uncle, did you see any of the soldiers belonging to the fort?

Mr. P. Yes ; and some of the officers, and their families.

Jerome. How do they appear, uncle?

Mr. P. Much as other officers of the army. Most of those stationed upon our frontiers are well educated and accomplished

men, and their wives and daughters patterns of politeness and refinement of manners, and when, as it sometimes happens, they are truly religious, there is a loveliness, a charm thrown about them, that is indescribable.

Cornelia. Their situation is far from enviable.

Mr. P. Few Christians have it in their power to exert so wide and salutary an influence as pious military and naval officers.

Mrs. P. I wish they were more numerous. Will you tell us what became of the mission at fort Gratiot?

Mr. P. The society that originated it, transferred it to the United Foreign Missionary Society in September, 1823. The Committee entered into a correspondence with intelligent and influential gentlemen in the lake country, who were of opinion a more eligible situation might be selected; therefore the Board instructed Mr. Hudson to remove the scholars and the mission property to Mackinaw. Miss Osmar removed with her scholars.

Delia. (Looking steadfastly upon the map.) How very small the lake St. Clair appears on the map.

Mr. P. It is a small lake, measuring only about thirty miles across, in any direction,

and yet in sailing over it, you are sometimes out of sight of land.

Delia. Is it possible? How does it happen?

Mr. P. Fifteen or twenty miles will bound your prospect, unless the air is very clear, and you will see nothing but "skies above, and gulphy seas below," any more than you would in the middle of the Atlantic ocean.

Jerome. The reason, uncle; do tell us the reason.

Mr. P. The lowness of the shores is the cause; the marshes spread out as far as the eye can reach, hardly a foot above the surface of the water.

Talbot. Are they covered with trees?

Mr. P. No; generally around the lake they appear like meadows, covered with the richest green, but after you ascend the river a few miles, you see patches of woods, and as you advance they become nearer and nearer together, till they lose themselves in one unbroken forest.

Jerome. Uncle, what do you see upon the banks of the river—houses and farms?

Mr. P. No; only a few French and Indian huts, with here and there a group of Indian men, women, and children. Farther up these waters you sometimes sail a great

distance without seeing the least trace of human kind, then suddenly a wild Indian will dart out of the bushes, followed by others, who jump about in wild amazement at the sight of a steam boat, which they call a *great canoe*, and suppose it is drawn by great fishes under the water, in the way horses draw a carriage.

Jerome. O uncle, if you ever go there again, do take me with you.

Mr. P. Will you become a missionary, and instruct those poor savages?

Jerome. I long to go and sail on those beautiful lakes.

Mr. P. They are beautiful, but very deceitful; you would be exposed to great peril.

Jerome. Are storms on the lakes as bad as they are at sea?

Mr. P. Yes, far more dangerous and terrific. You have scarcely a minute's warning of their approach, and the most experienced sailors say, that all the fury of the widest ocean is mere mockery and play, to the roarings of the wind and storm upon these mighty lakes.

Talbot. And yet they are constantly navigated.

Mr. P. Yes; by vessels of almost every name and form.

Jerome. How fast did you go in the steam boat?

Mr. P. In going up St. Clair and Huron, we ran three hundred miles in thirty-six hours.

Mrs. P. With no aid but steam?

Mr. P. Yes; we spread all our sails.

Cornelia. And almost literally "rode upon the wings of the wind."

Mr. P. Our progress was rapid.

Talbot. Uncle, are there not a great many islands in the lakes?

Mr. P. There are a considerable number, especially near the northern coasts of Huron; one of them is called Man-i-tau, or *spirit island*, where the Indians say the spirits find a home. The English own the island of St. Joseph, which is not far distant from the spirit island; it is about twenty miles in length, and is a valuable, and beautiful island. There is a mountain in the centre, supposed by an Indian to contain a mine of silver, but as his guardian spirit would not permit him or any one else to work the mine, I presume we shall not very soon see any of the treasures it contains.

Mrs. P. Brother, did you go up as far as lake Superior?

Mr. P. No; I only went far enough to say I had seen the lake.

Jerome. Are the Indians plenty around the northern shores of Huron, and the straits that lead to Mackinaw?

Mr. P. Yes; there are Indians of various tribes, and some of them very ingenious.

Delia. In what way do they show their ingenuity?

Mr. P. In a variety of ways; but what particularly struck me was the construction of their canoes, which for size and beauty exceeded every kind of Indian workmanship, I have ever met with. I have seen eight Indians in one of them paddling at once, and I thought of the swiftness of the arrows they throw. The sides of these canoes were painted with the richest colors, in true Indian taste, and were really beautiful.

Jerome. Uncle, is it not a delightful journey to Mackinaw?

Mr. P. It is gratifying to persons fond of romantic scenery and novel adventure.

Talbot. Is it not tremendously cold there in winter, uncle?

Mr. P. Judging from the quantity of wood consumed in the mission, I think it must be extremely cold.

Jerome. How much do they burn, uncle?

Mr. P. Nearly four hundred cords ; and yet they use many stoves, and aim to observe the strictest economy.

Cornelia. I suppose the navigable waters are sealed up in ice nearly half the year.

Mr. P. Yes, the rivers are, and the lakes in their narrower parts, and for some miles from the shore generally, but the central parts of the lakes never freeze.

Delia. Uncle, how many scholars did Miss Osmar take with her from Fort Gratiot?

Mr. P. I do not know the exact number, but I was told they were mostly Chippeways.

Talbot. Did Mr. and Mrs. Ferry have no female helpers in the school, except Miss Osmar?

Mr. P. Yes ; about a month after she went, Miss McFarland, from Plainfield, New York, joined the mission, and was received with heartfelt pleasure. Her appointment was sent by the Board, from the recommendation of Mr. Ferry. After she had been in her new situation a month or two, she wrote to her parents and remarked, " Our family consists of about sixty persons, with only three females to manage the domestic concerns, and one of the three must be continually employed in the school." After relating the labor of the succeeding Sabbath, describing the Sab-

bath school, public worship, &c. she adds, "Can time and distance ever erase from my memory the day on which I gave you the parting hand? No, my dear parents—never shall I forget the sighs, the tears. But, my dear father, were you here, you would weep from a different cause; your heart would bleed, to hear in the morning, at mid-day, and evening, the oaths of the drunkard of our own color, and the more hideous yells of the intoxicated savage."

Mrs. P. How was it possible to stow away such a numerous family in only half a two-story house?

Mr. P. It is hard to tell how they were carried through the fatigues and embarrassments of those months. One room served for school-house, dining-room, and parlor, in the day time, and I presume it was not vacated at night.

Talbot. I wonder Mr. Ferry did not procure a more suitable house.

Mr. P. There was not a building at that time upon the island more convenient and better adapted to the purpose than the one he first hired. Mr. Ferry wrote to the Board, and disclosed his straits; they heartily desired to give him greater facilities for prosecuting the mission, and their anxieties to hasten relief were increased by the reception of a letter

from a pious officer of the garrison at Sault de St. Marie, who, happening to be at Mackinaw on business, visited Mr. Ferry, the school, &c. His surprise and pleasure were great, as he witnessed the judicious management of the superintendent, and the thorough subordination and good progress of the scholars. He also stated, without reserve, that there was considerable dissatisfaction expressed on account of the exclusion of white children and those who were less than half Indian, which it is probable had some effect on the minds of the committee; for in October, Mr. Heydenburk was sent to them as a teacher, and the Board gave permission to have white children educated at the mission school. The school was soon divided; the boys under Mr. Heydenburk, and the girls under Miss Osmar.—How do you suppose they contrived to teach them all, for there were sixty children, members of the mission, and forty white, from the village, as day scholars?

Mrs. P. Indeed! I cannot tell. You know it is said, “necessity is the mother of invention;” but I should think they must have been driven to their wits’ end. I should suppose Mr. Ferry’s letters must have been eloquent, when pleading the cause of these children, and the necessity of a mission house.

Mr. P. There was a good deal of Christian oratory in them, I assure you ; and the next spring he received instructions to build a house large enough to accommodate a family and school of one hundred and fifty.

Cornelia. I hope, uncle, they had more help before they undertook their buildings.

Mr. P. Yes ; Mr. Hudson, who had labored at Fort Gratiot, came to his aid as a farmer, and a Miss Cook as a teacher.

Jerome. Uncle, was it not singular that a school of a hundred scholars should be raised on an island where there were only six or seven hundred inhabitants, and many of them soldiers in the Fort ?

Mr. P. The school did not depend upon Mackinaw alone for scholars ; they had children brought to them, who, before they met at school, had lived a thousand miles apart. Owing to the central situation of Mackinaw, children can be obtained nearly as well from a distance of many hundred miles, as from only twenty or thirty. They have had children in school, at once, from every band of Indians bordering on lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, besides some from Hudson's Bay, Lake Athabasco, Red River, the banks of the Mississippi, and other places,—including some from the different bands of the Ottawa,

the Chippewa, Knisterna, Pot-o-wat-o-my, Win-e-ba-go, Menomemie, Sac, Fox, and Sioux Indians.

Jerome. More than a dozen different nations !

Cornelia. What a spectacle that school must be.

Mr. P. To me it was a most pleasing one, especially the girls' school. The scholars are not very far advanced, but they are prompt in their recitations, understand their lessons, define words, explain phrases, and answer miscellaneous questions, as if they had been trained to thinking, and had had their thoughts wisely directed. Of late the girls' school has been divided. The youngest division contains nearly forty children, from four to ten years of age, who can generally read tolerably well in the Testament.

Delia. I should admire to be acquainted with some of the little Fox and Sac Indian girls.

Mr. P. You would find them very sprightly and intelligent. During the first quarter after Mr. Heydenburk took charge of the boys' school, the girls of the first class in the female school, challenged the boys to spell with them. It was unexpected, and they were not prepared ; however, they accepted the chal-

lenge, and at the end of three hours, commenced the combat. Fifty words were proposed, and the boys missed seven words, and the girls only four. From that time, such a spirit of emulation was excited, that it required great wisdom to regulate it. The boys immediately issued a challenge to spell on trial for a week together ; the girls accepted the challenge, and day after day the spelling was continued, until Saturday, when it was decided that the girls were beaten ; for they had missed twenty words, and the boys but fifteen.

The little boys' ambition was inflamed, and commencing with the same lessons, gone over by the large boys, they went on several days without missing a word. Six of these little fellows had been in school but nine months, and when they entered, did not know a letter. When Mr. Ferry was told how hard they studied, and how fast they learned, he held out a prize of a Bible, to all who entered the school at one particular time, from the Indian country, who should spell in Webster's spelling book from the nineteenth table to the list of common names, without missing a word. Six engaged to strive for the prize, and four obtained it. The other two missed but one or two words.

In the same term, the boys committed to

memory and recited well, from the Bible and Biblical questions, five thousand two hundred and fifty-seven verses.

Cornelia. It is delightful employment to teach children who wish to excel.

Mr. P. The missionary teachers at Mackinaw thought so too. From July, 1825, to the end of July, 1826, the school averaged from eighty to ninety children. Very few were over fifteen, and the greater portion were under eleven years of age.

Mrs. P. Days of toil, and nights of care and watching, must have been the lot of the missionaries, who provided food and raiment for such a family.

Mr. P. True it was, that their labors exceeded their strength. At one time, there was wanted a whole suit a-piece for thirty children, and only one young lady who could be spared to ply the needle.

Mrs. P. Poor girl! It will never do for us to neglect sending a sufficient quantity of ready made clothes for all the Indian scholars, *Cornelia.*

Cornelia. I have thought much of it, and we have agreed to make up flannel and other warm articles, for the Mackinaw school, in our little society.

Mr. P. It is a good plan to send thick,

warm garments ; for you know the climate is many degrees colder than here.

Jerome. It appears to me it must be a cold, gloomy place.

Mr. P. No, no ; it is far from gloomy, though it is very cold in winter. In the summer, it is a most delightful place.

Delia. Uncle, do give us a more particular description of the appearance of Mackinaw.

Mr. P. Perhaps I shall, after tea.

CHAPTER II.

"The Prince of Salvation is coming! prepare
A way in the desert his blessing to share;
He comes to relieve us from sins and from woes,
And bid the dark wilderness bloom like the rose."

WHILE they were at the tea table, Talbot made some remarks upon the western country, which reminded his uncle of the promise he made to Delia; and he said, I understand you, Talbot; you wish me to describe the island of Mackinaw.

Talbot. Yes, uncle, I should like to know as much about the island and the mission there, as you can find time and patience to tell me.

Mr. P. The island is principally elevated ground, rising from one hundred and fifty to more than three hundred feet above the level of the surrounding water. The pinnacle of this elevation is a rocky summit, which appears like a crown or cap. In the last war, the British troops, somehow or other, one night, unperceived, drew their cannon up the steeps to one part of this summit, which was wrought into a temporary fortification; and the next

morning demanded the surrender of the fort which was situated more than a mile distant, and on ground about one hundred and fifty feet lower. The demand was of necessity complied with. This latter fort, still occupied by troops, is situated on the brow of the rock which forms the main body of the island, about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the lake, and overlooks the harbor and village. The harbor forms a perfect half-moon, three quarters of a mile from the tip of one horn to the other. The village lies on the crescent near the edge of the water, and under the towering rock which sustains the fort.

Cornelia. Where did Mr. Ferry erect the mission house ?

Mr. P. A short distance from the village towards the east. The prospect is delightful : the surrounding shores are a hard beach, covered with bright shining pebbles, and the waters are so perfectly clear and pure, that you can discern a white handkerchief thirty fathoms below the surface, as clearly as you could at two or three feet. The waters in the neighboring lakes are very clear and pure.

Cornelia. I have never connected the idea of so much beauty to the scenery around the mission house at Mackinaw.

Mr. P. I should think it had not been made a subject of much conversation or interest, till quite recently. The beauty and wildness of the scenery were such, that I hardly know whether the sensation of surprise or pleasure predominated. I found it a charming spot.

Mrs. P. What kind of building, did Mr. Ferry put up?

Mr. P. Two upright square houses, thirty-two by forty-four feet each, connected together by a building twenty-one by eighty-four feet, one and a half stories high, with an open piazza in front, eight feet deep. The school-rooms were divided by a partition that could easily be put aside, and the whole suit of rooms thrown together, which in that state served for a place of public worship on the Sabbath. This block of buildings was finished in a neat but very plain manner, painted within and without.

Mrs. P. How altogether unlike the missionary buildings at the southwest.

Mr. P. They were so, but Mr. Ferry's missionary plan, was as unlike that of those missions, as the form and size of his buildings.

Mrs. P. In what particulars are their plans dissimilar?

Mr. P. Mr. Ferry's plan of missionary

enterprize among the Indians in the north and west, embraces two kinds of establishments ; the one large, the other small ; the large ones to be located in central situations.

Mrs. P. I presume Mackinaw was designed for a station of the first class.

Mr. P. It was so ; and I have heard Magdalen Island, in Lake Superior, sometimes called La-Point and Prairie du Chein, on the Mississippi, mentioned as suitable places for the largest establishments, and the smaller ones would probably become numerous, if the requisite means were furnished.

Talbot. What would be the principal design of the largest ?

Mr. P. Education, agriculture, and some of the most important mechanical arts.

Mrs. P. Religion and morals, would of course become the first object in such an establishment.

Mr. P. Certainly ; but science and industry, especially in a mission, would become handmaids to religion, as a matter of course. A farm and several work-shops would be necessary at all the large stations, which, with convenient buildings to accommodate a great boarding school, and a good supply of teachers, preachers, and other helpers, would require large sums of money for the first few

years ; but I trust the public will enter into the spirit of it, and furnish all that will be needful.

Talbot. How would Mr. Ferry like to have the small stations managed ?

Mr. P. He wishes to supply each with a preacher, and a school for the Indians in the neighborhood.

Cornelia. Uncle, do not the missionaries experience serious difficulties in persuading the Indian scholars to labor cheerfully at Mackinaw, as well as at the other missionary stations ?

Mr. P. They did so, and also from the removal of the children from the school, by their ignorant and fickle minded friends, till the Legislature of Michigan made provision for binding the scholars to the superintendent of the mission, by legal indentures, so that they cannot be taken away now, till the expiration of the time specified in the indentures.

Mrs. P. Do any of the parents pay for their children's living ?

Mr. P. Yes, and for their tuition also ; thirty dollars a year is the stipulated sum. Many of the day scholars pay tuition bills regularly.

Cornelia. How large is the school at this time ?

Mr. P. It has sometimes contained one hundred and sixty. I do not recollect the present number, but it is a very large school, and highly spoken of by all visitors.

Talbot. Have they much of a farm at Mackinaw?

Mr. P. There are a number of acres around the buildings of the mission, upon which they raise potatoes and other garden vegetables. One or two fields upon Bois Blanc, an island near there, are under cultivation, besides a farm on the southeast corner of the island, containing seventy-five acres, about one mile and a half from the mission house; there is a poor house and a barn upon this farm, but the land is not very good: it is rocky and hard, but it "yields good crops of potatoes, beans, peas, oats, and grass." All these articles are of great importance to the family, besides furnishing employment for the boys out of school.

Jerome. Do the missionaries keep many cattle?

Mr. P. A little more than a year ago they had about thirty head.

Mrs. P. Do give us some account of the church, brother.

Mr. P. It was organized in Feb. 1823, with eight members, including Mr. Ferry.

Cornelia. Before he was taken under the patronage of any society?

Mr. P. Yes; this church has increased and prospered wonderfully since its formation; five were added the first year after, thirteen in the second year, and five in the third, and in 1828-29, there was one of the most interesting revivals of religion, that has been witnessed among the heathen in this country.

Cornelia. I wish you would relate some of the particulars of it, uncle.

Mr. P. I was so much affected by the account of several of those heathen converts, that I preserved many of the most striking facts in writing.

Mrs. P. A relation of their religious experience would be very gratifying to me.

Mr. P. I do not wish to convey the idea that there was anything so very remarkable in the exercises of these persons after the Holy Ghost took them in hand as an almighty teacher, without taking their former habits and characters into account.

Mrs. P. Do read them to us, after your brother returns this evening.

Delia. Uncle Pelham said, it was doubtful whether he returned before eight o'clock. Aunt, it will be a great while to wait, I hope he will come sooner.

They then rose from the table, and Mrs. Pelham taking up the Bible said, "Brother, we still adhere to the old custom of attending evening prayers immediately after tea."

Mr. P. It is a good custom, and I wish it was universally followed.

Mrs. P. Some object to the practice from the supposed difficulty of collecting the family at that hour.

Mr. P. If punctuality is observed in a family, I think there would be fewer hindrances at that season than any other; when is a family so easily collected and so generally, as at meal-time? My lot has been cast in a great number of different families, of various occupations, who aimed to keep up family prayer, morning and evening; but I must confess that with a very few exceptions, the evening service has been a most unprofitable ceremony, and often intermitted.

Mrs. P. How can it be otherwise than unprofitable, when the body and mind are exhausted with fatigue and care? Besides, the heartlessness of such offerings seems almost an affront to the glorious Being to whom they are addressed.

Mr. P. In my own case, after a day of bustle and toil, or severe mental labor, I frequently find my heart as destitute of moral

sensibility as my hands or feet, and have often thought as I threw myself upon my couch, that I was as destitute of faith and love as the bed I lay upon.

Cornelia. I do believe it is very wicked to exhaust all our energies upon the world, and then engage in the service of God; we ought to serve him first, and devote our best moments to prayer and praise,—but I have suffered much distress at times from such feelings, or rather want of feeling, as you have described, uncle; and I did not know that any one but myself had such trials. At the close of a day, when I thought I had been employed in the service of God, I have fallen asleep with the thought, “I feel no love to God, and have grieved the Holy Spirit, and he is clean gone forever, without a pang or a tear.”

Mr. P. And have awoke praising him!

A blush overspread *Cornelia's* face, and a tear glistened in her eye, but she said nothing, and her uncle engaged in family duty.

Soon after prayers *Mr. Pelham* returned home. Although extremely weary, he preserved his accustomed cheerfulness and equanimity, without manifesting any of the impatience or sullenness exhibited by some men when they return to their families from a toil-

some journey, or a hard day's labor. But perhaps his cheerful, pleasant manner, was occasioned in part by the course pursued by his wife and daughter, who always met him with a smile, and endeavored to have home a comfortable, happy place. It was a *standing rule* to have something warm and nice ready to be served the moment he was prepared to take refreshment.

Whilst his uncle was drinking tea, Jerome entertained him by relating what he could remember of his uncle Charles's conversation, and afterwards, at the request of Mrs. Pelham, her brother-in-law, took from his pocket-book a little history of one of the converts at Mackinaw, and requested Cornelia to read it.

Cornelia, (reading.) Me-sai-ain-see was born in the great wilderness south of Magdalen Island.

Jerome. Uncle, where is Magdalen Island?

Mr. P. In the south-west part of lake Superior.

Cornelia, (reads.) She received her name from an uncle when but a few days old, and he ever afterwards felt that he had a right to control all her actions. When a very little girl, she went to live with an aunt who was a Met-a-wee, or conjouress, and her uncle designed she should be trained for the same

honorable office. Before she had attained the age of fifteen years, she had practised many rites and ceremonies preparatory to her being elevated to the state of a full priestess or conjureess. The summer she went to Magdalen Island she was busily engaged in the closing ceremonies prescribed to her order; and had commenced the last ten days' singing, which preceeds the initiatory ceremony, when her uncle declared that he had been informed in a dream that she must not become a *Me-ta-wee*. About that time she heard of the mission school at Mackinaw, and conceived such an ardent desire to gain admittance, that she persevered in overcoming every obstacle that rose in her way till she became a member of the school.

At the time of her entrance she could speak no language but that of her own tribe, the Ojibeway. She found patient and faithful teachers, who daily imparted instruction of the most valuable kind, which she received with a humble, teachable temper. It was not long before the truths of the Bible began to make a visible impression upon her mind; her seriousness was deepened by hearing the threatenings of God denounced against the wicked, and shortly after, hearing a female praying for the poor wicked Indians in her

own tongue, she thought, "Perhaps I am one of those ignorant wicked ones!" When Me-sai-ain-see was a little girl, she had been taught a few Catholic prayers, and in her distress she tried to recollect them, and repeated all she could remember over and over again. Being told that God regarded no prayers but those that came from the heart, and that not one of those that came only from the lips would avail anything, the poor girl was in deep affliction. The missionaries told her that God looked at the thoughts and motives, as much as he did at the actions of men.

Mr. P. A very important subject. I fear children often think if they can hide their sins and follies from parents and teachers, all is well; but it is not so; sinful desires and purposes are recorded in the book of God's remembrance, and cannot be blotted out more easily than the record of wicked actions. And it does seem as if the thought that nothing in the whole universe can blot out the smallest sin from the records of this book, except the blood of Christ, would deter men, as well as children, from transgression.

Mr. Charles P. If we would consider the impossibility of having one drop of this blood applied till a *new heart* is obtained, does it

not seem impossible for any to rest quietly in an impenitent state ?

Mrs. P. It does, indeed ; it appears this poor heathen girl was distressed as soon as she learned from the Bible her condition.

Cornelia. (Reading.) “ When this poor heathen heard of the law of God, she thought how often she had broken it, and her sins stared upon her in such a strong light, she could not rest night or day ; she saw her exposed situation and trembled, fearing the anger of God would be kindled upon her speedily.

“ In the midst of her anguish and dismay, the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper was to be administered, and she was desired to assist in preparing the furniture of the communion table. She was assisted by a pious female, who told her that none ought ever to sit down to partake of that solemn ordinance, but those who had truly repented of sin, and loved God supremely. Me-sai-ain-see knew that she did not love God, and felt such fear that she did not go to sleep through the night.”

The next day, Miss Osmar read the account in the Bible of the institution of the Supper, and made suitable explanations, which affected all the scholars, but none so deeply as Me-sai-ain-see. When she saw the little

church surrounding the table of their Lord, and so many looking on, in their sins, like herself, the anguish of her spirit was unutterable. But after she went home, she did what thousands of others have done, and probably multitudes have lost their souls by it. She tried to banish every serious thought from her mind, and said to herself, "Why need I feel so much distressed? There are no others who appear to feel as I do: perhaps it is because these things are new to me; when I become used to them, they will not affect me so." In this way, she tried to keep down her feelings, and recover her former tranquillity. Her teachers continued their kind and faithful instructions, which from time to time roused fears that she constantly struggled to suppress. Sometimes she succeeded in her attempts to keep calm, but often failed.

At one time, fearing she should become deranged if she allowed herself to think so much about the world to come, and the awful consequences of dying without a *new heart*, she resolved upon trying to do what was right, and feel no further anxiety about eternity. For two or three months, she contrived to lull herself into a more calm state. But she was again awakened to great alarm, by the death of a little boy in the mission

family ; and before she had regained her previous indifference, she was visited by several of her heathen relations.

On this occasion, Miss Osmar inquired, " Why she did not give them instruction ? " This question produced a most violent struggle in her mind, which had scarcely begun to abate, before Miss McFarland, one of her teachers, fell sick, and for some time was so ill, that her death was daily expected. Me-sai-ain-see went one day to attend to her little wants, and among other things Miss McFarland said to her, " I suppose you are not willing to have me die, but if you only had a good hope in the Saviour, it would not be long before we should meet again in heaven, to be forever happy together." This remark from her apparently dying teacher, for whom she felt a very strong affection, quite overcame her, and she resolved never to cease from seeking till she obtained a *good hope*. Her teacher's life was spared, and to hasten her recovery, a journey was proposed, and she was carried down to the boat, accompanied by a gentleman who had been deeply interested for Me-sai-ain-see's conversion. When the poor girl saw those faithful friends go on board the vessel and sail, she could not conceal her distress, and reproached herself

most bitterly for neglecting to profit by all their counsels and prayers, and trembled for fear God, in his just anger, should never permit them to return to instruct such an ungrateful sinner as she felt herself to be. She betook herself to prayer, and did not decline in this important duty for a considerable time. She then accidentally met one of the ladies of the mission, while out for a walk, who entered into a very solemn yet affectionate conversation with her. Me-sai-ain-see felt distressed, but angry; though she tried to hide her anger, yet she afterwards confessed that her thoughts were, "What business have you to talk so to me? It don't concern you what becomes of my soul; you have not got to suffer for my sins: Why not then let me alone, and not torment me?" After the lady left her, and she had time for reflection, her load of guilt appeared greater than she could bear; she felt *lost and undone*, and almost despaired of mercy. The next Saturday evening, there was a female prayer-meeting in the girls' school-room, and Miss Cook, one of the teachers, made very serious remarks. Among other things, she expressed her fears that some of the girls who thought themselves serious, were deceived. Me-sai-ain-see said that remark "was like a knife to her heart."

She went directly from the meeting to a little room, with two females, who had expressed some concern for their souls, to pray together. Her distress was so great, she could not continue in the presence of any one, and retiring, she remained alone the whole night. The concern of one of her companions, who occupied a room opposite to hers, deepened. The cries and sobs of this friend increased the agony of poor Me-sai-ain-see's heart, on account of her own sin and danger; but in the morning, when she found her companion had found peace in believing, her heart was so filled with envy and rebellion, that she was nearly beside herself. Knowing how dreadfully wicked such feelings were, she left the house with the determination to spend the day alone in a distant grove of cedars; but restless and agitated, she wandered about, seeking rest, like all the wicked, but finding none. Unable to shed a tear, from hardness of heart, her sufferings were intense from Sabbath morning till Tuesday night; then Miss Osmar read to her from the Bible, and conversed with her whenever she was able to attend; for some of the time she hardly knew who she was, or where she was. Her agitation continued till she retired. She afterwards said to her friends, "I got to my bed-room,

and throwing myself upon the bed, I lay for some time unconscious of every thing but the fire within ; nor durst I even shut my eyes, for fear I should find myself in death, actually sinking into the flames of hell." After a while, she became calm, and in relating her exercises, she remarked, " I said to myself, I have tried every way, but all in vain. I cannot help myself ; neither prayers nor anxieties do any good ; they lead to no relief. It is right ; it is just in God to destroy me ; I ought to perish. He may do what he pleases ; if he sends me to hell, let him do it ; and if he shows mercy, well ; let him do just as he pleases with me. Here, as in a moment, I had such a kind of *one* or *whole* view of myself, and willingness to be in God's hands, that I could keep in bed no longer, and resolved to go in prayer and throw myself for the last time at the feet of my Saviour, and solemnly beg of him to do what he would with me." At that moment, a pious Indian woman entered the room, and engaged in conversation with her. The girl said, " She told me how easy it was to believe in the Saviour, if I would. She then prayed with me, and *here* I lost all my burden ; I felt light ; a strange feeling which I cannot describe. I had no thought that I loved Christ, but I was happy ;

and yet afraid to be happy ; I was afraid to give indulgence to my feelings ; for it would be dreadful, after all, it appeared to me, to go to hell with no feeling of distress about it ! Rising from my knees, I was conscious of a smile upon my face, which I tried to hide." Just then Miss Osmar called her to her room, where she had prepared some warm supper for her, but her feelings were so intense, she could not taste of it. After Miss Osmar and Miss Cook had prayed with her, Me-sai-ain-see said, " Here I was filled with that happiness I hope to enjoy in heaven. I do not know but my enjoyment was as great as it was possible for my soul to have, arising from a view of the love, the nearness, and glory of the Saviour. I seemed to see it, to feel it all, in a fulness of joy beyond expression." The ladies commenced singing the hymn, beginning with

" Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,"

and the soul of the young convert was filled with the most rapturous joy. The changed expression of her countenance told something that was passing within. Miss Osmar said, as she ceased singing, " Can you not love this Saviour ?" The poor girl ventured to say, " I hope I do." She said, " This was the

first intimation I had dared to give of my peace of soul. But my joy had swallowed all my fear; and I could not resist the answer. Now I had such a love to all around, as well as for the Saviour, that I could have folded them to my bosom. For two days following, night and day, there was very little, if any, abatement of this happiness. I appeared to be in a new world; every thing led me to God; not an object did I see but seemed to say, how glorious and lovely is the great God!" From that memorable night, Me-sai-ain-see's life and conversation have been such as becometh godliness.

For all her relations and acquaintance she has manifested the most anxious solicitude, and has exerted all her faculties to bring them under the means of grace, improving every opportunity to persuade them to give their hearts to God, and live and labor to promote his cause in the world. Her joy and peace in believing have been great and unusually constant, although at some seasons her exercises have been more joyous than others, yet, she says, "I have never been conscious of such a state of feeling since my supposed conversion, that I could not say from the heart, I am willing and ready to die for Christ."

Mr. P. If this had been the only conversion among the Indians, it would more than compensate for all the money and labor expended for them the last thirty years.

Mr. C. P. This is only one of many quite as interesting.

Cornelia. Have you written accounts of any others, uncle?

Mr. C. P. Yes; I have several.

Mrs. P. I desire to hear them all. When did this girl unite with the church?

Mr. C. P. In April, 1828. We will defer any further communications till another opportunity.

CHAPTER III.

"Slight tinctures of skin shall no longer engage
The fervor of jealousy, murder, and rage,
The *white* and the red shall in friendship be joined,
Wide spreading benevolence over mankind."

BROTHER, said Mrs. Pelham the next afternoon, I wish you would relate further particulars of the revival at Mackinaw; the conversion of Me-sai-ain-see seems to me to be an illustrious display of divine grace.

Mr. P. I could relate other cases, especially some that occurred among the traders at their distant posts, that would demonstrate the matchless wonders of redeeming love, even more signally than was displayed in the case of that poor girl.

Mrs. P. Who, and where were they?

Mr. P. Two of them, whose knowledge of religion was scanty, at the time of their first seriousness, were partners with a company of fur traders at La Point. It seemed very remarkable that men in their circumstances,—surrounded by thoughtless and wicked men, exposed to various temptations,

with no religious associates, should have been awakened, convicted, and hopefully converted. When they came down to Mackinaw in the summer of 1829, both gave evidence of piety. After spending a Sabbath together in fasting and prayer, they wrote out a form of self-dedication to God, and each signed it in the presence of the other.

Mrs. P. Surely it was the Lord's doings! no human agency in the matter.

Mr. P. There was but little, except the few sermons they had heard in their visits to Mackinaw, and a few tracts or religious books which had been sent to their establishment a few years before. During that summer other traders came down from remote posts, manifesting more or less religious anxiety. Most of them expressed earnest desires to obtain religious instruction for themselves, and schools for their children—one of them generously offered one hundred and fifty dollars toward the support of a boarding school at La Point; others offered to support a missionary in their own families.

Cornelia. I suppose the traders exert an extensive influence over the men in their employment.

Mr. P. Yes; it is almost unlimited, over their clerks, the subordinate traders, and a

great portion of the Indian population in the interior. During the revival in the latter part of 1828 and 1829, religious truth was disseminated far and wide. In the summer of 1829, almost every principal trader and many of the subordinate ones came down to Mackinaw, and were so hungry for the bread of life, that they attended almost every religious meeting at the mission. The moral people in the village dreaded the annual visit of the traders, for it had usually been a time of dissipation, noise, and riot. But on this occasion, it was a season of real enjoyment, and interchange of kind feelings. Several gentlemen residing at Mackinaw, of much respectability and influence, had also become pious, besides many members of their families, and other persons. These had frequent intercourse with the traders, and exerted the most favorable influence upon them.

Mrs. P. Did the revival extend to the village?

Mr. P. Yes, and also to the garrison, and I have no doubt but its influence had extended to all the different trading posts.

Cornelia. • How did it affect the soldiers?

Mr. P. A few of them had already experienced religion. From the commencement of the mission the officers of the fort have

generally attended public worship with the soldiers, and readily granted permission to the men to attend other religious meetings. However, there have been commanders, who have occasionally discouraged them from attending.

Jerome. Uncle, if missionaries should go up to the trading posts, how could they establish missions without interfering with the trading and hunting business?

Mr. P. The traders do not wish the Indians to continue hunting through the summer; they would prefer to have them cultivate the ground.

Jerome. If the Indians turn farmers will not the game disappear?

Mr. P. The hunters are often obliged to go a great distance before they can find the animals they are in pursuit of, so that cultivating the land would not in the least interfere with the regular business of hunters and traders. I heartily wish they could be supplied with a missionary and a school. Such generosity and sensibility is rarely witnessed as these traders exhibited. They said if want of means for their support was an objection, they would take them home, and support them in their own families. I do not know how other men feel, but I can truly say,

there is not an Indian mission under the direction of the American Board more interesting me than the one at Mackinaw.

Cornelia. What kind of men are the traders?

Mr. P. Agreeable and intelligent.

Delia. Uncle, how would a missionary fare among them?

Mr. P. He would fare very well; the traders live in a very comfortable manner, and in pretty good style, I should suppose, from the quantities of coffee, teas and sugar, they carry home with them. Their libraries, medicine chests, and articles of clothing, show that their comforts and necessities are abundant.

Mrs. P. I should not think a young man would esteem it much of a sacrifice to go and spend a year or two in such a family, though I presume the families are generally of Indian descent.

Mr. P. Yes; but the men are commonly attached to them, and design to spend their days in the Indian country; Mr. Ferry has married several couples since they became serious.

Mrs. P. I suppose they followed the native customs previously.

Mr. P. I presume they did.

Cornelia. Uncle, where do you think it would be best to establish a new mission at the north-west ?

Mr. P. La Point, the name of the trading establishment on Magdalen Island, is the most eligible place that I know of for a large station, and *L'Arbre Croche* for a small one. At the former place there are about one hundred residents, besides children, to whom a preacher might easily gain access, and nearly five hundred Indians who resort to it, and remain for a longer or shorter period, as best suits their circumstances, all of whom might be benefited by a mission. This is the head quarters of one department of the American Fur Company. Six men are in partnership, whose posts are from one to two hundred miles distant, but at which there are no settlements, though many persons resort to them.

Cornelia. Are there no settlements in that region ?

Mr. P. Yes, within twenty or thirty miles there are many families, and some small settlements.

Mrs. P. Are there not a multitude of Catholics near the borders of Canada, that would embarrass the operations of a mission in that quarter ?

Mr. P. Yes ; the French are pretty nu-

merous, the most of whom are Catholics ; many of them have been, and still are employed by the traders ; but, although they practise some of the rites of the Romish church, and have persuaded some whites and Indians to adopt their practices, yet most of the Catholics are as ignorant of the true gospel as the darkest pagan. The priests help to cherish the hostile feelings of those Catholic half-breeds who wish to have their children educated in the mission school ; in some instances the children have been removed from the school, because they feared the religious influence of missionary teachers. The recollection of the sufferings of one of the scholars at Mackinaw is now fresh in my memory.

Cornelia. Uncle, do let us hear about her.

Mr. P. A very interesting girl, to whom the missionaries gave the name of Nancy, became deeply concerned for her soul, and after experiencing much trouble of mind, there appeared to have been a very thorough change wrought in her character, which was no sooner perceived by her friends, than they laid a plan to withdraw her from the school, and gave themselves no rest till they succeeded. Jealous of missionary influence, they carried her away so far into the wilderness, that it was supposed no farther communications could be

made to her, from those hated persons who had so entirely transformed her. Her friends were instigated to this course by their Catholic associates. They practised every art they could devise, to frighten or allure her to the performance of Catholic and heathen superstitions and ceremonies, but all was in vain. Enraged by disappointment, they declared they would "whip her to death," unless she complied with their requirements.

The situation of the poor girl was very distressing, but she could not be prevailed upon to swerve from what she thought to be the path of duty. Soon after her family were settled for the winter upon the hunting ground, her brother insisted upon her engaging in the customary amusements of her people, and one Sabbath required her to go with him and others to sail for pleasure; she explained to him the commandment of God respecting the Sabbath as well as she was able, and steadily declined to accompany him. He became angry and told her in a very authoritative manner that she should go; she firmly refused, and he as firmly bade her go. With great mildness she told him she would never go upon a party of pleasure on the Sabbath willingly; that her feet should never carry her, and if he carried her without her consent, the

sin would be his, not hers. His anger became so furious, that he used bad language, and pulled her ears most cruelly ; but she resolved to bear every thing, rather than grieve the Holy Spirit by disobeying the commands of God. Her mother treated her as roughly as her brother, and she shed many tears on account of their hatred to God and the religion of Christ, as well as her own sufferings. After a while her friends, being convinced she had undergone such a change that it was impossible she could again be what she had been previous to the change, allowed her a little respite, until they discovered that through her influence, a neighbor was in great distress for her soul, and sought frequent opportunities to be alone with Nancy. After watching them narrowly some time, effectual measures were adopted to procure an entire separation. Soon after the removal of her anxious friend from the neighborhood, a sister of her mother came into the family, and engaged in the work of persecution with great fury ; but after a time the meekness and humility of Nancy disarmed her of her malice, and she began to find a little quiet, when, as Mr. Ferry was travelling in that part of the country, and hearing of her Christian fortitude, and prudent conduct, he turned aside to see

her, leaving Miss Osmar, who had accompanied him, at the house of one of Nancy's neighbors, who could speak English and Indian with equal fluency.

Mr. Ferry was received with external marks of respect and kindness, but the family so managed that he could not obtain an opportunity to speak to Nancy with any freedom. He therefore gained the mother's permission that the daughter should call upon Miss Osmar. The poor girl was almost overcome with grateful joy, when she was once more with her beloved minister and teacher. She recounted her trials, and the supports of divine grace which had been granted to her. At the close of the interview, Mr. Ferry led them to a throne of grace, and with many tears commended this precious lamb of the flock to the special protection and blessing of the good and gracious shepherd.

Mrs. P. How exactly the truths of the Bible operate upon the hearts and minds of untutored savages, as they do upon the minds of the most refined in polished life, when set home by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Mr. P. Yes; whoever learn who God is, and what he requires, and become acquainted with the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, do feel pricked in their hearts in a

greater or less degree ; and I fully believe, that sinners protract their sufferings from the gnawings of a guilty conscience, from days and months, to years, when they might repent and submit in one day, and ever afterwards rejoice in hope of acceptance with God, through faith in the blood of his dear Son.

Cornelia. I think we may all learn a useful lesson from the poor persecuted Nancy, especially with regard to keeping the Sabbath holy.

Mr. P. The instructions she received at Mackinaw respecting the observance of the Sabbath were scriptural, and she felt bound to follow them, after she went home.

Mrs. P. Brother, how do they spend the Sabbath there ?

Mr. P. They rise early, prepare the young children, and overlook the larger ones in their preparation for meeting, before breakfast ; soon as breakfast and prayers are over, the children and youth of the school and village assemble for Sabbath school instruction ; from the school they attend to the public service. Mr. Ferry preaches a sermon in the morning, and in the afternoon he labors in the Sabbath school. While he is engaged with the children and young people, Mrs. Ferry holds a meeting for adult Indians, and

reads to them the Bible and tracts, and with the help of an interpreter she communicates a great deal of religious instruction ; there is a Mrs. Campbell that interprets for her, who is a member of the mission church, and greatly beloved by the Indians. These meetings often afford much encouragement to Mrs. Ferry and her female associates. Since the large Indian girls became pious, they go out to the Indian lodges in the vicinity, and read the Bible to all who will listen, and converse with them about Christ, and their souls, and eternity.

Cornelia. I should think Mr. and Mrs. Ferry would be very much beloved.

Mr. P. They are so. Mr. Ferry has given such unequivocal evidence of disinterested benevolence, and so many tokens of sincere affection and friendship for all his assistants, scholars, and the soldiers, citizens, and Indians, that I believe he possesses their entire confidence and good will.

Mrs. P. Do they not feel the want of a meeting-house ?

Mr. P. The sitting rooms in the mission house served for a chapel, till the revival commenced ; they then found the place too strait, and a subscription was set on foot, and money and labor to build a meeting-house, were

immediately subscribed, to a considerable amount; after the traders came down they gave very liberally, so that now they have an elegant little church, which not only adds to the usefulness of the mission, but very much to the beauty of the prospect, as you sail up the harbor.

Mrs. P. Mr. Ferry has great cause for gratitude.

Mr. P. He appears humble and grateful. God has unquestionably honored him as an instrument of communicating a knowledge of divine truth to the natives, which he has condescended to make of saving efficacy to many.

A gentleman, while on a visit at Mackinaw, wrote to his friends, and in speaking of Mr. Ferry he said, "Whatever of religion and piety there is here, has been introduced, planted, and nourished by him."

Mrs. P. I feel a great love for those servants of God, who are made by him instrumental of so much good to their fellow-men, and yet they are only instruments—only a pen in God's hand, as the Rev. Mr. John Newton used to say.

Cornelia. Uncle, I wish to hear more about the converts.

Mr. P. There was one of them, a full blood, that lived near the mission house,

named Lydia. Her husband was a most violent opposer of religion, and gave her much uneasiness before she joined the church; but the very day after, he broke out upon her in a very alarming manner, declaring, as he seized hold of her, that he "would be her death and eat her raw." It is to be feared the furious savage would have kept his word, if he had not been discovered by a person who providentially went to Lydia's assistance, and prevented the cruel wretch from doing her essential injury. Enraged to madness by this interposition, he raised his axe and leveled a blow at the deliverer of his wife, which missed its object, but it was given with such force that it broke the helve. The poor terrified woman fled and hid behind the house and threw herself on the ground overcome with fear. Her husband pursued her with unabated rage; but was again prevented giving her a death blow, as he evidently intended. Mr. Ferry, hearing what was going on went to the place, but the raging husband had disappeared. He found Lydia weeping, but was glad to find she was but slightly hurt. He sent her to the mission house, and after searching a long time for her husband, he at length found him at work upon a boat with many other men, and questioned him very

closely. The wicked wretch denied what he had done, and charged Lydia with the most dreadful crimes. He said he did nothing "only shook and hauled her about a little." Mr. Ferry considered the woman's life in imminent danger, and measures were taken to secure him.

When he was first taken into custody he was very sullen, till he learned from his keeper that he would be deprived of whiskey and his liberty for a given time, and then have a trial; he then began to feel that he was in very solemn circumstances; and sent again and again for Mr. Ferry to come and see him, who thought best to give him time for reflection. However it was not long before some person appeared who became responsible for his good behavior, and he regained his liberty.

He went directly to Mr. Ferry, and confessed the many false accusations he had made against his innocent wife, and expressed deep contrition for his cruel treatment of her. Mr. Ferry labored with him in a truly Christian spirit, and from that time his whole character seemed to undergo the most wonderful change. He went to all those persons to whom he had spoken ill of his uncomplaining wife, confessing with much seeming penitence his wicked conduct towards her. This is one among

many examples which show the immense value of missions to the heathen.

Mrs. P. Their value can never be duly estimated, till the value of the soul is ascertained.

Mr. P. That is true. But we should prize them higher than we do, and feel more zealous for their prosperity if we saw the misery and debasement which actually exists in our western wilds, and which nothing but the blessings of religion and civilization can remedy. I have often thought, If those miserable mothers, with their half famished babes, could be seen, by the sons and daughters of affluence, while digging for nuts and acorns upon the cold prairies, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, could they sit quietly at home with their thoughtless companions, without devising some benevolent scheme to send them a portion of the blessings they might spare, without lessening their usefulness or happiness in the least?

Delia. Uncle, are such scenes common?

Mr. P. I wish, my dear, they were not; but if you could see some of those little forsaken ones around the hunting camps, ignorant, idle, and hungry, you would feel as if you could never do enough for their relief.

Cornelia. If they were placed under the

means of grace, and could have the advantages of education, they might all become as interesting and useful Christians as Me-sai-ain-see, Nancy or Lydia. Who would not rejoice in being instrumental in producing such transformations of character, even in the remotest degree?

Mr. P. The object of your little missionary societies is to aid directly in promoting such transformations of character. The little girls in the mission school at Mackinaw, have formed a society similar to yours. They meet to work, and have raised money enough to educate a little heathen girl, who is now in the school, making very encouraging progress in her learning. Perhaps you will raise enough to instruct several who are as much in want of instruction as the little girl they have helped. If you persevere in your missionary exertions it is possible that your influence may be felt from your own fire-sides to the lowliest Indian lodge upon the sides of the Rocky mountains; and among the dwellings of the uncivilized, upon the shores of the vast Pacific.

Jerome. I would willingly work a long time to have it so.

Delia. How much did the little girls at Mackinaw raise the first year of their society?

Mr. P. Nearly twenty dollars.

Delia. O, I long to get home before our society meet again. Uncle, how soon will you be ready to go with us?

Mr. P. Indeed I am not able to say, perhaps your uncle William can determine this evening. I think we shall go in two or three days.

Cornelia. You will tell us more of the mission at Mackinaw I hope, this evening.

Mr. P. No; I have promised to go out, but here is an account of another convert, which you can read if you wish. (Handing her a manuscript.)

The conversation was not continued after this.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Christ’s reign shall extend from the east to the west,
Compose all the tumults of nature to rest,
The day-spring of glory illumine the skies,
And ages on ages of happiness rise.”

CORNELIA felt as anxious to read the manuscript put into her hands, as her cousins did to hear it; and very early in the evening, they clustered around a little table, and she began as follows :

The subject of the following narrative was a female named, by the missionaries, Eliza. Her Indian name was O-dab-be-tub-ghe-zhe-go-quai. She belonged to the Chippeway nation, and her family were of consequence in the tribe. The principal chief was her uncle, by whom she was regarded with peculiar favor. He caused her to be elected an *interpreter* of dreams at the age of sixteen.

To prove herself a worthy candidate for this distinguished honor, custom required her to live alone in a lodge, and to abstain wholly from all kind of sustenance ten days, except a little cold water each evening. The ambitious girl cheerfully submitted, and persevered

in fasting through the term prescribed ; but at the close of it, she was entirely exhausted, and appeared more like one dead than alive. It is probable that she took too much food in her weak state, for she immediately fell sick, and for months her recovery was doubtful. But no sooner was her strength restored, than she again commenced another fast, with equal strictness, and continued it nine days—which so highly excited the admiration and respect of her superstitious countrymen, that they thought her worthy to receive the highest office they had to bestow ; and they lavished upon her the most honorable attentions. A *wigwam* was fitted up in the best style for her accommodation, and she was not suffered to do any kind of work. They seemed to feel it an honor to send her the best of food and clothing in abundance.

They sent her an otter skin, or *medicine sack*, containing every thing considered necessary to aid in the interpretation of dreams, or, the magical cure of the sick. This sack was her badge of honor ; and upon receiving it, she took a high rank in the *medicine dance*, and was considered, by all her people, “ the greatest among the great.”

She took the lead in drinking whiskey, and soon became notorious for intemperance, even

among the Indians. In some riotous scene, she lost her *sack*, which occasioned her as deep mortification as the loss of a sword would have done a young officer in similar circumstances. Her popularity was so great, that her indulgent people procured her another sack, and thus afforded her an opportunity to redeem her character. But within two years, this infatuated woman became such a slave to drunkenness and vice, that she lost her second sack, and with it all the confidence and respect of her tribe. She was treated with scorn and contempt by all those who had formerly loaded her with honors, and she sunk down into deep dejection, which, upon the death of one of her children, increased till she seemed to settle into utter despair. After abandoning all hope of regaining her influence, she gave herself up to work all manner of iniquity; and during eight or nine years, she lived a life of the most atrocious wickedness.

She had been the mother of four children, but she buried three of them. After she lost the third, there was a short pause in her infamous course. She partially abstained from gross intemperance, till she was again enticed to drink whiskey, which had been concealed in the woods, by a man and his wife, her former companions in crime. They found little

difficulty in alluring her to the place of its concealment. Here a dreadful scene was exhibited, too shameful to expose. In a fit of jealous rage, the wife fell upon Eliza, and cut off her nose ! This remediless disgrace roused all her pride and enmity. Frantic with rage and despair, she resolved to take her life, and made a fruitless attempt to hang herself. Vexed by the interference of the humane person who rescued her from death while hanging, she madly threw herself from a canoe into the lake, but was plucked by some kind hand from a watery grave. After this, her hankering to commit suicide abated, and she made no farther attempts upon her life, but returned to her habits of drunkenness with increased appetite ; dividing her time between Mackinaw and the main land.

About the time Mr. Ferry commenced the mission school, he met Eliza's son, and invited him to attend school. Having learned something of the mother's character, he took an interpreter and went to her lodge, which presented a scene of want and wretchedness, nowhere found, but in savage and pagan countries.

The heart of the missionary melted with compassion, and notwithstanding her positive refusal to comply with Mr. Ferry's request,

to allow her son to become a member of the school, he persevered in his efforts to obtain him till he gained the cheerful consent of both mother and son.

After he entered the school Mr. Ferry had much trouble with him for several months ; once he ran away, but soon returned. His mother watched every opportunity to allure him away, and occasioned the family much anxiety through the winter. Mrs. Ferry and the other ladies in the mission felt a deep concern for this miserable woman, and had strong desires for her reformation. Early in the spring they offered her a little work to do in the kitchen ; and afterwards at the sugar-camp, upon condition that she would abstain entirely from taking whiskey. She kept her promise faithfully for a time, and never violated it more than three or four times afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferry cherished every symptom of amendment, and offered her a home at the mission house so long as she would be temperate and industrious. She went to live with them, resolving to live soberly. She attended Mrs. Ferry's Sabbath meeting for instructing the adult Indians, and after a few weeks a tear was now and then seen to fall upon her cheek, which she always strove to

hide. It was evident that serious impressions were often made upon her mind, and full as evident that she struggled hard to efface them. She would frequently refuse to be present at family worship, and usually declined attending the female prayer meeting whenever she had permission ; at the same time it was known that she would stand at the door and solemnly listen to every petition.

Sometimes her sense of guilt appeared to be deep, and she would wander into the woods to weep and pray ; however the greater part of the time she was low and dejected, appearing to cherish a despairing frame of mind.

When she had resided in the mission family nearly a year, constantly receiving the most faithful religious instruction, she went down to the farm to attend to some of its concerns, accompanied by her son. Before the business upon which they went was accomplished, both fell sick, and remained ill three or four days before it was known at the mission houses. The moment their circumstances were known; they were brought home and nursed with the greatest tenderness ; but both had suffered considerably for want of medicine and care. During those days of pain and solitude, her conflicting thoughts were

extremely distressing. She reflected upon the instruction she had received, and the great kindness shown to her and her son ever since they had known the missionaries. But such reflections only increased the trouble of her mind. She then resolved to go back to the ways of her youth, and see if there was any comfort to be found in them.

She spent several nights in singing her "*medicine songs*" and going over her former *mummeries*, without finding any peace to her troubled soul. After they returned home, Joseph wasted away, but he seemed resigned and happy in his own mind, though anxious and distressed for his mother. He often talked with her about leaving off all her old bad ways, and getting a new heart. When she gave up the hope of his recovery, she told him that if he died, she would die also. He faithfully warned her of the dreadful consequences of indulging such wicked feelings, and entreated her to pray to God and prepare to meet him in heaven. This conversation softened her heart, and she promised to do every thing Joseph desired. He lived but a short time after this,—and from the moment of his death, there was a marked change in all her behavior.

When she saw him breathe his last, the

tears flowed down her sunken cheeks, and she exclaimed in Indian, "My son! my son!" No other complaint or groan escaped her lips. She was solemn and singularly calm through the scene of his death and funeral. Her whole conduct was awfully reproofing to many Christian mothers, who in similar circumstances indulge in immoderate grief so nearly allied to rebellion.

Mr. Ferry expressed some surprise at her patient, quiet deportment, and inquired if she had felt the same under her former bereavements. She seemed willing to converse, and with great frankness related the dreadful excesses of which she had been guilty at the death of her other children; how she had *wailed*, and added to her sufferings by mangling her own flesh in the most horrid manner. But, said she, "I have no such feelings now—God is good, and I feel that what he has done must be right."

She appeared to have no sensible love to God; yet, Mr. Ferry could not help cherishing the hope that her affections had been brought under the "sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit."

A dreadful conflict arose, in the mind of Eliza, the night after this conversation. The promises she had made to Joseph, when he

urged her with such beseeching tenderness, at the very gate of death, to turn to God and make a new heart, rushed upon her mind with overwhelming power; and for a little time she doubted the possibility of the mercy of God being able to meet her case.

At length she resolved once more to cry for mercy; and to make sure of undisturbed retirement, she went to the cellar at a very late hour; but her feelings became so strong, she could not proceed, and sinking down upon the stairs, she poured out her full heart before God. How, or when she returned to her bed, she never afterwards had the slightest recollection. Mr. Ferry heard a cry of distress about midnight, and went to the place where Eliza lay—the noise appearing to come from that quarter. He hastily approached her bed with a light, and found her sleeping. He awoke her, and inquired if she felt ill; she told him she was not sick, and he left her. Some time afterwards, she told a Christian friend, that after Mr. Ferry awoke her, she arose and engaged in prayer, at which time she was first conscious of feeling the love of Christ in her heart. The morning after, when she saw the different members of the family, she felt a tenderness and affection quite as strong as any thing she had ever felt

for her own children. She said, "I felt as if I was in a narrow, happy way, and if a thought came to me about Joseph, it seemed like being drawn out of this happy way, and I longed to get back again immediately." From that day, all her anxieties seemed to centre in her own people, who were in ignorance of that Saviour who was to her "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." She would exclaim, "Oh if they could see as I do, how happy would they be!" All attempts to shake her faith, after this, seemed in vain. She believed in Christ, upon him her hope fastened, and she felt she could trust him through time and eternity. Some of her conversations were very interesting, and quickening to the members of the church. One day, after her mind seemed established in religion, Mr. Ferry asked her what the state of her mind was then?

Eliza. "I have been happy in God since then. The more I have had a view of the love of God in Christ, and the longer I have lived, the more I have desired to love him, and to love him more and more, and to be more like him in my soul. I do not know that I have since ever had any sorrow of soul so great as I have had for those who are ignorant of God. Much sorrow I have often had

for them. Sometimes when going into church, or while there, it has made me weep to think of those who do not love God."

After this conversation, her joy and peace in believing continued to increase, and she could recollect but two or three instances when she was sensible of any abatement in her love and joy. Her health had been feeble a long time before the death of her son, and from that time symptoms of consumption were daily increasing; but sick or well, she seemed always happy, and met every person with a sweet expressive smile. A little while ago, Mr. Ferry said to her, "You have said, that before you found peace in Christ, you did for a long time—for many months—feel yourself miserably wretched, and that you often prayed. Was it for the sake of these prayers that God gave you peace; or was there any good in them?"

Eliza. No; it was because of Christ's pity to my soul; because he died for poor sinners; and it was of God's mercy that missionaries were sent to teach me.

Mr. Ferry. Do you mean to have me understand from what you have said, that you never had any fears that you were deceived; no time in which you doubted whether you had part in the Saviour or not?

Eliza. I have always felt sure that God has had mercy on my soul ; and the more I have thought of my old wicked life, it has been like one pushing me nearer to God ; it has made me feel more humble in myself, and a strong desire to live only for him.

Mr. Ferry. But should God take away his Spirit from your heart, and leave you to yourself, what do you think would become of you ?

Eliza. I should be good for nothing.

Mr. Ferry. Have you any fears that God will take away his Spirit from your soul ?

Eliza. No.

Mr. Ferry. Why ?

Eliza. From what I have heard of his word, he has promised to keep those who trust in him ; and I believe he is faithful to his word.

Mr. Ferry. There have been times when in your sickness we have thought you very low ; and have had reason to think you could live but a few days at farthest, and oftentimes but a few hours ; have you at none of those times been unwilling or afraid to die ?

Eliza. No.

Mr. Ferry. Have you always felt that if it was God's will, it would be a privilege

to die, and you would be glad to have the hour come?

Eliza. Yes, I have. This fall, when I was very sick for two days and nights, and felt that God only could make me better or take me away, I thought, if it were his will, how glad I should be to be sure that I was dying, that I might be with God.

The conversation was protracted to a much greater length, in which she recounted the joys of her soul the first time she commemorated the dying love of the Redeemer in the ordinance of the Supper, the day she was admitted to the church. She says, that her comforts increase at each succeeding celebration of that glorious event.

Mr. Ferry. What good do you think the sacrament could do you, without a heart to love the Saviour?

Eliza. None. There would be no joy to my soul in it.

Mr. Ferry. Could you have this joy and peace of which you have told me, if you did not, as far as you know, strive to obey God in all things?

Eliza. No, I could not. Though unable to do anything with my hands to help the family and labor for God, it is my sincere desire, daily, to have my heart much in prayer

for them, and for the salvation of their souls ; and because God lets me live, I believe he wishes me to be devoted in spirit to this.

Mr. Ferry. Do you think you love God and souls as much as you ought ?

Eliza. No ; I try to love, but don't feel so much as I ought.

Mr. Ferry. When do you expect to have perfect love to God and souls ?

Eliza. When I get to heaven.

Mrs. P. I think no person can learn the history of this Indian convert, without blessing God for the rich grace of the gospel, and feeling that efforts to civilize and Christianize the most debased savage is no longer a hopeless undertaking.

Jerome. Perhaps it is not true, cousin.

Cornelia. There is the same authority for its truth, that there is of other facts connected with that mission.

“ Or that a mission was ever established at Mackinaw,” said Mr. Charles Pelham, who had returned and heard Jerome's remark as he entered the room.

Mrs. P. The story wears the face of truth in every part of the religious experience of Eliza.

Mr. P. And so far from adorning this

character with false coloring, the members of the mission who knew her before and after conversion, say, that much more might have been related with the most exact truth.

Mrs. P. Who can read this and deny there is a divine power in the religion of Christ? In what way can the unbelievers of revelation account for the wonderful transformation of character in this poor woman?

Cornelia. They cannot help allowing that this change exhibited all the marks of regeneration pointed out in the gospel; and that we never hear of such changes in character, except where the subjects of them become in some measure acquainted with the law of God and the gospel plan of salvation by Jesus Christ.

Mr. P. However infidels may revile and cavil, the friends of Christ and the heathen have had great encouragement to persevere in their efforts to provide support for missionaries and teachers at Mackinaw, and all the region around.

Cornelia. Have you mentioned all the teachers at Mackinaw, uncle?

Mr. P. I do not know—the school is in three divisions, I think, besides an infant school. I know that I have mentioned Misses Osmar and McFarland, and if I have named Misses

Cook, Goodell, Taylor, Hotchkiss, and Stevens, I have named all the female helpers who were there a few months ago. Mr. and Mrs. Hudson have left, and Mr. Ayer, the schoolmaster, has gone to La Point, with one of the traders; he took with him one of the scholars for an interpreter.

Cornelia. They have more teachers than I supposed. Who takes Mr. Ayer's place?

Mr. P. Mr. Loomis has gone to supply his place for the present.

Mrs. P. The same Mr. Loomis who was a missionary to the Sandwich Islands?

Mr. P. Yes.

Talbot. Why did he leave that mission?

Mr. P. His health failed under a warm climate; he was obliged to return to preserve his life.

Mrs. P. Did Mrs. Loomis accompany him?

Mr. P. Yes; and a Mr. Newton and Miss Skinner, likewise.

Cornelia. Uncle, do you not think Mackinaw a very promising field of missionary labor?

Mr. P. I feel inclined to think it is. There are several places, also, in the interior, beyond Mackinaw, which promise a rich harvest to a faithful missionary. The natives have

hitherto had little intercourse with debased whites, and therefore have not imbibed from them prejudices against the gospel, or become the slaves of intemperance. I cherish the hope that the liberality of the churches will enable the Board to establish a mission at *L'Arbre Croche*, also, without delay: that field at present looks very promising.

Talbot. Where is *L'Arbre Croche*, uncle?

Mr. P. On the peninsula of Michigan. At that place it seems as if divine Providence had prepared the way for missionary operations, and the fields look white for the harvest. A settlement of Indians altogether superior to any that surround them, have of their own accord renounced many of their heathen customs, and shown their wisdom in destroying the *medicine sack*, without which many of their superstitious rites cannot be performed, and abandoned the use of whiskey.

Cornelia. How large is the settlement, uncle?

Mr. P. There are a hundred men, besides the women, children and youth. These men have resolved to procure subsistence for themselves and families by cultivating the soil, and are heartily desirous of receiving a missionary teacher, and promise him the use of as much land as he may choose to cultivate.

A small missionary establishment would be welcomed with joy by this band, if it could be sent now.

Mrs. P. I think it would be cruel to neglect granting their request.

Mr. P. And yet I fear it must be, unless the treasury of the Board is replenished speedily. Of late their expenditures have far exceeded their receipts.

Talbot. Uncle, if the boys in every Sabbath school would exert themselves, and do for the Indians all they possibly could, do you think there would be a failure in means, or missionaries?

Mr. P. No, Talbot, I do not. If scholars in the Sabbath schools, their parents, and teachers, would do what they easily might, there would be no want of funds to support missionaries, and educate indigent young men for the gospel ministry,—or to purchase Bibles and Tracts for all the destitute families in the land.

Jerome. We have begun to do something, uncle.

Talbot. But I mean to do more—I won't rest till the Indians at *L'Arbre Croche* have as many missionaries, teachers and Bibles as they want.

Cornelia. A good resolve, cousin, I will help you all in my power.

Mr. P. There is very much to be done yet at Green Bay.

Jerome. Where is that, uncle?

Mr. P. On the west side of lake Michigan.

Talbot. Will you tell what is required to be done there?

Mr. P. Not till we make our visit to your father and mother. Your uncle William hopes to be ready to go to-morrow.

Mrs. P. I hope you have not told us all you intend about Mackinaw.

Mr. P. I could tell you of many more facts and incidents connected with this station, but if your interest and sympathy is not excited by what I have already related, further communications would not be likely to produce it. I feel persuaded that greater results have seldom followed at any missionary station where no greater amount of money and labor has been bestowed; and if a gracious Providence continues to smile upon Mr. Ferry's labors, and that of his associates, in future years, as he has done in past time, the light of the gospel will ere long penetrate through all the dark forests of this vast continent. Indeed, the most favored churches in New

England may well feel reproved and quickened by the examples of Christian liberality and disinterested benevolence exhibited by that little church and society the past year; for they had raised one thousand three hundred dollars for religious and charitable purposes, before an agent of the Seaman's Friend Society called upon them, and preached, I ought to add, without asking them to give a penny; but before he left, they raised for the benefit of the poor tempest-tossed mariner, no less than one hundred and seventy-three dollars and thirty cents!

Mrs. P. Is it possible! who will not bless and praise God for the riches of his grace to that "*little flock*," though our faces be covered with blushes of shame as we contrast our expressions of benevolence with theirs?

Jerome. Aunt, I suppose they are rich, then?

Mr. P. No, Jerome; they are not rich. The white inhabitants do not exceed five or six hundred, and a considerable part of these are French people connected with the Romish church, who of course do very little, if anything, for the promotion of the Protestant religion.

Cornelia. I am sure this statement makes

me feel *low indeed*. Have we any right to suppose we have any more real faith than we manifest by our works, uncle?

Mr. P. No, not a whit more. I believe we generally appear to have more religion than we possess.

Mrs. P. If anything will cast us down in our own eyes, I think the example of those, so recently brought under the influence of the gospel, is calculated to do it.

Jerome. Uncle, do they have societies there?

Mr. P. Yes, Jerome, they have a number of them; the boys do nobly in theirs. In addition to the Bible and Tract Society, they have quite lately formed a society auxiliary to the American Board—and one to aid the American Seaman's Friend Society; all these efforts are not made because they feel they are obliged to make them, but they are made cheerfully, because they feel a deep personal interest in the several objects.

Jerome. I will do something I never did before—I will not consent to be outdone by the boys at Mackinaw.

Mr. P. Remember, Jerome, in all your doings in the cause of religion and benevolence, that, however much you may benefit

others, unless your *motives* are pure, it will avail nothing in the sight of God, who looketh at the heart.

Mrs. P. Brother, I cannot believe that it will be long before a mission will be established near Lake Superior. The signal success attending missionary labor at Mackinaw seems to forbid that the desire of those friendly and pious traders should not be granted.

Mr. P. One of the traders came down from *La Point* this summer, with a boat well manned for the purpose of conveying the mission family, he had hoped to obtain, to his post up the lake. Four traders were received into the church last July, who gave the most comforting evidence of genuine piety; they, with others connected with the fur trade at Mackinaw and other places, I think agreed to dispense with spirituous liquors as an article of trade after January, 1831. The mission schools held a quarterly examination while the traders were down this summer upon their annual visit, and they, with all others who were present, expressed universal satisfaction with the order and improvement of the scholars. I intended before now to have shown you a specimen of some of the boys' hand-writing and composition. One of

the Secretaries of the Board visited Mackinaw in the summer of 1829, and not long ago some of them wrote him letters, from which I have copied a few extracts. *There* is a specimen of the writing—holding a paper before Mrs. Pelham, who remarked, “It is quite legible, and very neat.”

Delia, Talbot, and Jerome. Aunt, do let me see it.

Cornelia. The writing looks well, but I feel more interested in the extracts.

Mr. P. Here they are—read them, if you please, *Cornelia*.

Cornelia, (reads.) “We had an examination of the schools on Tuesday, the thirteenth of July, when most of the traders were present, and strangers that were then on the island. The traders appeared very much gratified with the improvement of their own and other children. We have a vacation of three weeks, and we work nine hours each day, and have three hours for ourselves. I work in the garden with another boy and Mr. Heydenburk. The rest of the boys work in the field, some draw wood, others water, &c. &c. Our garden looks a great deal better than it did last year. The church was finished and dedicated last March. It is a neat and handsome little building, and very convenient. The

school-rooms have not yet been used. We are going to remove at the commencement of the next term. One of the boys, Reuben Smith, is working with Mr. H. learning the blacksmith's trade.

Your humble servant, L. P."

Talbot. I should never have surmised that letter had been written by a scholar at a mission school. Why, uncle, it reads better than half the compositions in our academy.

Mr. P. L. P. had attended the mission school four years, and he had been at school some time previous to his entrance at the mission school. Cornelia, you may read the whole of this from C. H. to the same gentleman.

Cornelia, (reads.) "Dear Sir,—As I was requested by one of the teachers, I express myself with full gratitude, what God has done for my poor soul. I hope, if my heart does not deceive me, our Saviour is precious to my soul. Not anything of my own righteousness; it is the gift of God. I feel to resolve to be in the hands of that Almighty God, of whom I have long been rejecting his blessed gospel. I had such a deceitful heart used to lead me to think it would be time enough to attend to these things. Thanks be to God, he did not permit me to go on as I was. In

vain have I been looking forward to have the pleasures of this world. I could look ever since I can remember, I never found anything give me so much satisfaction as to serve the Lord. I could bless God and thank all the Christians for sending us missionaries to teach us how to read, and above all, to tell us about God and Jesus Christ. I could say for one, I have been as ignorant about God before I came to live with the missionaries as many thousands are now. We have for number of Sabbaths had two or three meetings on purpose for the Indians. A number of them hope they are born again. The meetings we have had, have been very interesting to me. What a blessing to see some of the Chippewas talking about God. But there is great darkness yet all around us. There were six or seven Chippewas from La Point, came down with traders; they told us when we told them about God, that they never heard about God in their country. Some of the traders felt so anxious they brought down a boat from La Point on purpose to take up missionaries to that region. Mr. Ayer has gone on to that place, for this year. Because there was no one appointed from the Board. I hope before they return, there will be some one appointed for that place. May God bless

all the Christians, all those that exert themselves to spread his gospel. And after, when they done serving him here, be accepted at his hand, there to sit with him to eternity.

I am yours, C. H."

Mrs. P. What a pity there was not a family in readiness to go home with Mr. Warren.

Mr. P. We must pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust in more laborers, and deny ourselves to procure things needful for their support.

Delia. Uncle, did none of the girls write letters ?

Mr. P. Yes ; here, Cornelia, is almost a sheet full of extracts from their letters.

Cornelia, (reads.) "I hope a revival has commenced on this island. Seven profess to be Christians. One of them is a young Indian who was found lying in the street, the day after new year's, drunk. He was ignorant, he did not know the word of God but very little. We hope now that he has given himself to Jesus, that dear friend. His name is Me-squa-da-se, or Turtle. I have been in this mission six years. I have not attended school much, on account of my health ; there was a time when my teachers thought that I should not live long. And I was not pre-

pared to die. O how I used to wish to get better. I thought if I might get better, I would prepare to die. After I got better, I would be serious a little while. Sometimes it was because I saw others under conviction. And then I would think there is plenty more time to prepare for death. So last winter, when there was a revival, and when I saw my companions giving themselves to Jesus Christ, I felt I had to think my best friends were leaving me behind. I thought I would arise and go to my Father which is in heaven. About two weeks I was under conviction. About one week I felt tired. I thought I would try no longer. And so I heard my teacher say, that perhaps it was the last time that the Spirit was striving with us. So I thought I would not rest till I found peace with God. I felt so distressed that I thought I was sick, and I thought I was the chiefest of sinners. On the twelfth April, 1829, I hope that I chose that good part which Mary chose. My parents are Catholics, and they are displeased, because I was received into the church."

Mr. P. The next extract is from another young girl.

Cornelia, (reads.) "I am very happy to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul.

I think I can say with all my heart that Jesus is precious to me. I feel, when I look round on sinners, as if I could take them by their hands, and carry them to the foot of the cross. But I cannot do anything for them, only to pray for their precious souls. I think if I could do anything for them I would be very willing to do it. I can now say it is a good thing to be in the hands of Christ, and a good thing to be a Christian. On the second day of February, I was willing to leave myself in the hands of God, and just when I left my sins I found peace. I was about four weeks under conviction, and was not willing to give up all for Christ's sake. I thought I could do something for myself, and did not believe that he would save me. I was afraid to trust him. I have been trying three years and a half to save myself, but it was all in vain. My teacher would often tell me that every moment I stayed away from him the more danger I was in. I feel now as if I could go and compel sinners to come to God, that the house of the Lord might be full. I think this is my sincere desire to go back where I came from, and tell the poor heathen what a dear Saviour he is, and that God sent his Son into this world to die on the cross for us poor creatures, that we through him might

be saved. I know that some of them feel anxious to have a mission there. I do sincerely hope you will send some missionaries to them. I feel very anxious when I think of my parents. My mother has said that she would rather have a mission *there* than to have all the goods of this world. I had nothing to tell my poor mother about God. I did not know the preciousness of Jesus. I only used to read the Bible to her, but never hardly said anything to her about her immortal, never-dying soul. But now I think I could take her by the hand and say to her, Mother, come with us, and, perhaps, by the help of God, we might do you good. She has some little seriousness since we lost my little sister. My parents live a great way distant from Lake Superior. They come here every summer to visit us, and stay here about four weeks. I feel thankful that God ever brought me to this family."

Mrs. P. Delia, the letter of this girl preaches loudly to you and your brothers; I think it must affect the minds of scholars in the Sabbath school.

Mr. P. I wish it might be impressed on all their minds, that "*just when they leave their sins, they will find peace,*" exactly as this dear girl did.

Mrs. P. If her mother does not receive a missionary, the fault shall not rest at my door.

Cornelia. Neither shall it at mine.

Mrs. P. Cornelia, this account of Mackinaw has enkindled anew my zeal for the promotion of missions. Let us make strenuous efforts to further the cause while at your aunt Claiborne's.

Cornelia. I shall be happy to aid in the execution of all your plans.

Mr. P. We shall start to-morrow morning, soon after breakfast, and I must go and pack my trunk.

The rest soon afterwards dispersed to make similar preparation for their journey.

PART II.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE INDIAN MISSION AT GREEN BAY.

CHAPTER I.

“Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high!

In yon wilds of stream and shade,
Many an Indian wigwam trace;
And with words of love persuade
Savages to sue for grace.”

IN a day or two after the arrival of the visiting party at Mr. Claiborne's, being anxious to obtain a new and interesting subject for conversation at the approaching meeting of the Sabbath school Missionary Society, Delia improved the first quiet interval in the family circle, to introduce inquiries respecting the Green Bay mission, by asking her uncle the distance from Mackinaw to Green Bay.

Mr. P. It is about two hundred miles.

Mr. William Pelham. Is it the Indian settlement, or the region around it, that is called Green Bay, brother?

Mr. C. P. It commonly, and at a distance, represents an indefinite portion of the North West Territory, as the Genesees once did the western region of New York. But when upon the spot, you find it is a settlement at the mouth of Fox river, containing about eight hundred souls, including two hundred men at Fort Howard.

Mr. W. P. Are the inhabitants all Indians except the soldiers in the garrison?

Mr. C. P. No, there is every kind of mixture imaginable, but the Indian predominates. The place was first settled by the French, about one hundred and fifty years ago; now there is little pure French or Indian to be found in the immediate vicinity, though the French being the most yielding, the Indian appears the most prominent.

Mrs. P. What is their religion?

Mr. C. P. What faith they have is Catholic; but I saw no traces of religion among them, except two old crosses, one in a graveyard and the other on a house.

Mr. Claiborne. Is it a place of much business?

Mr. C. P. Yes, but the greater part is

done by a few men, from other places, who are grocers and sellers of whiskey.

Mrs. Claiborne. Are there many respectable and intelligent people there ?

Mr. C. P. O yes ; besides the missionaries of the American Board of Missions, there are the missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the officers of the garrison, their families, and a few citizens of excellent character. The families of the Christian Indians are many of them intelligent and agreeable ; and a few natives, whose education and manners would render them interesting among the most intellectual and refined.

Mrs. C. Have the Episcopalians there a large establishment ?

Mr. C. P. They have at present, the Rev. Mr. Cadle, and Mr. Williams, who is a minister, and also an agent. He has labored for years to promote the spiritual welfare of the Oneida tribe. I believe he was the son of one of the highest chiefs. It is very certain, however, that he had been highly honored and beloved by them ; and when they removed from the State of New York in 1824, he led the larger part of the band to Green bay. The next year there was a revival of religion, and among the converts there was an aged female named Christine, who was over seventy years

of age, although she had in early life attended upon the ministry of President Edwards, Mr. Occum, and Mr. Sargeant, to use her own expressions, she "had been a pagan at heart, and a disbeliever of the Christian faith." After she was subdued by the power of the Holy Spirit, and made willing to accept pardon and salvation upon the terms of the Gospel, she exclaimed with uplifted hands, "It is wonderful that I should be brought to know God, and find mercy at this late period."

Mrs. P. It was wonderful indeed.

Mr. C. P. Two other women nearly as old, hopefully embraced religion about the same time, and many of the young people were serious, and a considerable number gave evidence of sincere piety.

Cornelia. They have been greatly blessed.

Mr. C. P. They have so. Mr. Cadle and Mr. Williams preach alternately once on the Sabbath at the Fort, to a respectable assembly of soldiers, officers, and their families.

Delia. Have you mentioned all the Episcopal missionaries, uncle?

Mr. C. P. All that are there now except Mr. Ellis, a catechist and schoolmaster. I have been told that all the Oneida Indians in that neighborhood are Episcopalians.

Delia. Uncle, have not the American Board more missionaries at Green Bay than the Episcopalians?

Mr. C. T. No, I think not so many. Their mission has been established but a short time.

Delia. What tribe was it designed to benefit?

Mr. C. P. The Stockbridge Indians, who originated in Massachusetts, and from the town whose name they bear; they removed to the State of New York, and settled at New Stockbridge, in the county of Oneida. The forefathers of this tribe enjoyed the labors of the devoted missionary Brainerd, and of President Edwards, and Dr. West; after their removal to New Stockbridge, the Rev. Mr. Sargeant was their minister for a time. The church now existing among them was organized in 1818, not long before they removed to the White river in Indiana. While they dwelt there they had no minister, but they met upon the Sabbath and read the Bible, and sung hymns, and prayed. Part of the time they had a school taught by one of their own people.

Talbot. How long did they live in Indiana?

Mr. C. P. Only about four years.

Mrs. C. Why did they leave?

Mr. C. P. It was owing to some disappointment with regard to their claims.

Mr. C. How long is it since they left Stockbridge in Massachusetts?

Mr. C. P. Forty-six years.

Mr. C. What year did they go to Green Bay?

Mr. C. P. They went from Indiana to Green Bay in 1822, having received considerable encouragement from government. They were destitute of preaching from the time of their removal to Green Bay, till Mr. Miner visited them in the summer of 1827. Having been their minister before they left New York, his arrival was hailed with strong expressions of joy. He was gratified to find that the little church maintained a Christian character in all their wanderings. In the hope of once more enjoying the instructions of their beloved spiritual guide, the leading men in the settlement wrote a letter to the Board expressing their desire for a mission and school, offering as much land as should be deemed necessary for the use of the establishment.

Jerome. Uncle, I do not understand where their settlement is.

Mr. C. P. (Opening his pocket map.)

There, you see Green Bay is an arm of Lake Michigan; it is about one hundred miles in length and forty in breadth, but it decreases as you approach the mouth of Fox river. To find the Stockbridge Indian settlement, which they called Statesburgh, you must look at the falls of Fox river, which are called at Green Bay the Grand Kawkawlin, and the Little Kawkawlin. The station of the Episcopal missionaries is at the *Little* and that of the American Board at the *Grand* Kawkawlin; the latter is about twenty miles from the mouth of the Fox river, and the former eight or ten miles.

Jerome. I see where it is. Have they built a mission house?

Mr. C. P. Yes, and a church or council house. The buildings were commenced the spring after Mr. Miner's visit, and rendered habitable by the time he returned with his family.

Jerome. How large is the house, uncle?

Mr. C. P. Thirty-four feet by twenty-four, two stories high, with a large convenient kitchen. The Indians gave about twenty acres of land for the use of the mission, and if I mistake not, the missionaries have since purchased enough more to make a snug little

farm, that can be managed without incurring much expense.

Mr. C. Have the Indians become farmers?

Mr. C. P. They have, to a considerable extent. They generally raise corn, wheat, potatoes, &c. enough for their own families, and some of them sell considerable quantities of these articles, or exchange them for other things.

Mr. C. Is the land good or bad?

Mr. C. P. It is generally fertile and well wooded, but uneven.

Mr. W. P. Have they abandoned the chase?

Mr. C. P. Yes, none of the Stockbridge Indians hunt. They cultivate their farms, so far as they have the means, in the manner of white men; and in their domestic arrangements show a desire to follow the customs of the whites. The women would gladly learn to spin and weave, if they had a teacher, and the means of purchasing looms and wheels. There is but one spinning wheel among them, and that belongs to the town. They have preserved their original language, which all can speak; and nearly all can read English books, and understand English preaching. They have Bibles and hymn books, and they, in common with other Indians, have very

melodious voices and are passionately fond of music. It is very interesting to attend public worship with this tribe, and see their neatness, order, and decency. They have a *tithing man*, whose badge of office is a white rod, and wo to the boy that plays, or the man or woman that sleeps. The former is switched over the ears, which makes them tingle: and whenever a person is seen dozing, the man with the rod strikes the largest end upon the stove-pipe, and cries, "*wake up there.*"

Jerome. I should think every body would laugh.

Mr. C. P. No person smiles, though it occurs in the midst of the sermon. All is gravity and seriousness in their religious assemblies, and during intermission upon the Sabbath, the *tithing man* preserves the most entire order and stillness both within and without the church. You do not discover the least levity in the youngest.

Mr. C. How is it, brother Pelham, I have been told that the Indians are a truly polite people; is it so?

Mr. C. P. The deference and respect which the Indian pays to others, when put upon the interchange of good feeling, is unrivalled. No art of civilized life can pretend to keep company with his politeness.

Mr. C. I do not seem to realize, that it is so. What success followed the efforts of Mr. Miner?

Mr. C. P. Within a few months after he went there, he received more than thirty persons into the church. A considerable number have become pious since, and the present number of communicants at present, is about forty-five. Not long ago I heard there was particular attention paid to religion, and it was thought many had experienced religion who would soon unite with the church. In the midst of Mr. Miner's successful labors, he was suddenly called to his heavenly rest. That good man died in March, 1829. He seemed to be in a very calm and sweet frame of mind during his illness, declaring to the last, his unshaken confidence in Christ, and entire willingness to die. He had the happiness of receiving two of his children into the church before his death; two of his sons died nearly the same time that he did.

Mrs. P. What became of his afflicted wife?

Mr. C. P. She returned with her children to her former residence in New York.

Talbot. What have the Indians done since without a minister, or any one to instruct them?

Mr. C. P. Soon after the death of their beloved and honored minister, they sent a warm petition to the Board, requesting them to send another missionary. Rev. Cutting Marsh was very soon selected; he was a young minister, who had recently left the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass. Mr. Ambler, a gentleman well qualified to teach, and who had some knowledge of medicine, had joined the mission some time before Mr. Miner's death. He continued to labor alone after Mr. Miner's death, till the arrival of Mr. Marsh.

Cornelia. Did he get up a school?

Mr. C. P. Yes, and procured forty scholars, about thirty of whom attended regularly.

Mrs. C. Would it not be well to employ a female teacher, to learn them the use of the needle, wheel, and loom?

Mr. C. P. There was a female school, taught by a young Indian woman for a time, but she did not teach spinning, &c.

Mrs. C. Was she a suitable teacher?

Mr. C. P. I never saw her, but I was informed by a gentleman who visited her school, that she appeared as well in the school, and probably was as well qualified to instruct in the common branches of education and in needle work, as the ordinary female

teachers in our white settlements. He said, she seems an intelligent, ingenious, and refined young woman.

Mr. W. P. They have really made great advancement in civilization.

Mr. C. P. Yes, they have given pretty conclusive evidence that Indians can be Christianized and civilized.

Cornelia. Why are they so unlike the other tribes?

Mr. C. P. They have been favored with the gospel longer than any other tribe with whom I am acquainted. In all their wanderings, the gospel has followed them; for more than a hundred years, they have had schools, though much of the time their teachers have belonged to the tribe.

They have still in their possession a splendid Bible, in two folio volumes; its size two feet by eighteen inches, weighing forty pounds. It was printed in England, in 1717, and presented to their tribe by the Rev. Dr. Ayscouth, one of the clerks of his Royal Highness, Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Cornelia. A most valuable piece of antiquity.

Mr. C. Do tell us how much land this tribe owns?

Mr. C. P. They claim about seven miles

in a direct line on the Fox river, and back as far as Lake Michigan, nearly forty miles.

Mr. W. P. How large a number have already settled at Statesburgh.

Mr. C. P. Something less than three hundred. Perhaps there remains in New York fifty or sixty more who may follow their brethren to the northwest.

Talbot. Uncle, how came these Indians in possession of such a large tract of land?

Mr. C. P. It was purchased of the Me-nom-i-nies and Win-e-ba-goes who live around them, under the direction and with the sanction of the government of the United States.

Mr. C. Are those tribes numerous?

Mr. C. P. They are considerably so. The Me-nom-i-nies are friendly, but poor and debased.

Jerome. What kind of people are the Win-e-ba-goes?

Mr. C. P. A wild, wandering tribe, stretching along through the northern part of Illinois to the river Mississippi. They are much more fierce and hostile than the Me-nom-i-nies.

Here Mrs. Summers and her daughters called in, and the conversation was interrupted till the evening.

CHAPTER II.

“Indulgent Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar!
Let all the tribes their Saviour know,
And earth’s remotest ends draw near.”

IN the evening, Jerome asked his uncle to finish the remarks he was making when they were interrupted by company.

Mr. C. P. I was then about to tell you that there was a grand exhibition of a *war dance*, last summer, at Green Bay.

Jerome. Were the Stockbridge Indians engaged in war, uncle?

Mr. C. P. No; but there were some difficulties between the New York Indians, and their neighbors the Me-nom-i-nies, and Win-e-ba-goes, which required the attention of government, and commissioners were sent to Green Bay, empowered by the President of the United States to rectify what was wrong between the parties. Soon after their arrival, a council of chiefs, on both sides, was

called. At the appointed time, an immense throng assembled to witness the proceedings of the convention, and enjoy themselves.

Mrs. P. How could they find much enjoyment, with such accommodations as they must have had ?

Mr. C. P. It matters very little where the wild Indians are, for those who live near navigable waters, usually take their houses and furniture into the canoe with them, wherever they go ; so that in three or four hours after they land, they are as much *at home* as they ever are.

Cornelia. I suppose they brought their food with them, when they attended the convention.

Mr. C. P. No ; it is customary for government, on such occasions, to give out daily rations as long as the session lasts, to all who attend, whether chiefs, warriors, women or children. Of course, a council called by government, is sure to be well attended.

Mr. C. How many, do you suppose, attended the one you are speaking of.

Mr. C. P. I think there must have been more than two thousand, as many as fifteen hundred of whom were Me-nom-i-nies ; about an equal proportion of the rest were New York Indians, Win-e-ba-goes, and Chippeways.

The New York Indians being composed of the remnants of several distinct tribes, and each tribe being allowed a given number of chiefs and great men, who took part in the business of the council, they furnished the largest number of delegates, or representatives, the Me-nom-i-nies the next largest, and the Win-e-ba-goes the fewest. In the whole there were thirty chiefs, who marched to the arbor or booth which had been erected for the accommodation of the council to meet the commissioners. They were all seated under the shady canopy in due order, ready to attend to business; while the crowd of spectators clustered around to hear and see the result.

Mr. C. How did the *commonalty* appear?

Mr. C. P. Some of them were naked, others had a blanket hanging loosely from their waist. But very few of them looked as if they had ever been washed or combed in all their lives. Most had feathers in their hair, of one kind or other; some one, others two, and a few nearly twenty.

Jerome. Did they stand up or sit down?

Mr. C. P. They were in almost every possible position, sitting, lying, leaning, standing—all having pipes, from four inches to four feet in length, with a tobacco pouch, and a

knife hung to a leather girdle about the waist.

Mr. W. P. And all painted, I presume.

Mr. C. P. To be sure; they were daubed with paints of every tint and shade imaginable. The faces of some were painted one side jet black, the other scarlet, besides the most horrible figures over their bodies that you ever saw.

Mrs. P. Brother, you are not describing the Oneida or Stockbridge Indians, I trust.

Mr. C. P. No, *they* would appear respectable anywhere, and contrasted with their wild brethren, they appeared like a superior order of beings.

Talbot. Did they enter upon business after the manner of our courts?

Mr. C. P. No; after they were all seated, a pipe was lighted and carried to the commissioners. After they had smoked a few whiffs, it was successively passed to each chief, who smoked in token of friendship and good will.

Jerome. When did they have their *war dance*, uncle?

Mr. C. P. During the session of the council.

Mr. C. What was their object?

Mr. C. P. To amuse and gratify the strangers and citizens who were present.

The Indians are such perfect masters of the art of *pantomime*, that a spectator of a war dance can ascertain to a certainty the import of all their wild and savage movements, equally as well as if they explained it by words.

Jerome. Do they have music at these dances?

Mr. C. P. Yes, such as it is, both vocal and instrumental.

Cornelia. What are their favorite instruments of music?

Mr. C. P. They have one of their own invention, somewhat like a flageolet—the music of which is touching beyond anything I ever heard; but the most popular instrument is a kind of bass drum, which they make themselves at short notice out of an old keg or a hollow log.

Jerome. How could they make a drum out of an old keg, uncle?

Mr. C. P. By knocking out the heads, and stretching over a wet deer skin. They use but one drum stick, which they whittle out in two minutes.

Delia. Are the *war dances* anything like the dances at balls and assemblies in this country?

Mr. C. P. Not like any I ever saw.

Delia. Uncle, do describe one,

Mr. C. P. When the council have decided on going to war, the warriors who have pledged themselves to support it, seat themselves upon the ground in a circle with the musicians, and then proceed to obtain soldiers, or as we should say, *enlist* them, by laying some weapon at a little distance, which is the challenge ; and whoever goes and takes it up, stands engaged to support the war resolved on by the council. All this is *acted out* in the war dance. They had two *war dances* last summer at Green Bay ; the first by the Win-e-ba-goes, which met with so much applause that the Me-nom-i-nies immediately attempted to outdo them. In consequence of this spirit of rivalry, doubtless both parties put forth all their power and skill to give impressive representations.

Mr. C. It must have been very amusing ; I should like to hear about it.

Mr. C. P. Their movements are regulated by the *leader* of the dance, who gives a flourish as a token for the performers to commence. In a moment they “begin—drumming, singing, shouting, yelling, dingling of metallic rods—at one time running a sort of chant in a low bass monotony, then suddenly passing a wild disjointed interval into a sharp scream, which makes the Indian yell or war-

whoop. The whoop sounds like the shrill scream of a woman in a fright, made tremulous by the mechanical play of the fingers on the lips, and is repeated by all the dancers every two or three minutes, and seems to be a kind of letting off, or explosion of the highest possible degree of excitement. It is startling and frightful beyond description, breaking as it does, unexpectedly from a multitude of voices. Even though one has heard it a thousand times in succession, in the same dance, it always comes unexpected. The changes of the voices are so sudden and violent, so different from the low and monotonous movement which precedes and follows, and altogether so *unearthly*, that you involuntarily tremble and shudder."

Cornelia. What a spectacle! I should hardly have courage to behold it.

Delia. Uncle, what did the dancers wear?

Mr. C. P. Not anything; their bodies were naked, except the covering of paint, put on in the most disgusting and horrid figures, and a sort of feathered crown upon their heads. As they darted backwards and forwards, brandishing their death weapons, they seemed more like demons than men. It is impossible to give you an idea of their fierce and wild look, as their horrid whoop and yell

escapes their lips. When they reach the point of *enlistment*, the din and clamor of the dancers increase—the weapon glitters on the ground, an individual steps forward, looks at it, and as he dances wildly about, points at it, but looks unwilling to touch it, showing by his gestures, that thoughts of kindred, home, and friends, rush upon his mind, with the sacrifices and dangers he must endure if he goes to the battle. The shouting and yelling become louder and louder—he draws nearer, then retreats, again advances, dances round and round the instrument of slaughter and death—reaches forth a hand to grasp it,—starts back as if restrained by some painful thought,—once more he presses forward, and making a sudden and desperate plunge, grasps the weapon and lifts himself erect. Then in an instant shouts of exultation rend the air. The music continues while he silently acts over all the feats of discovering, shooting, and scalping the enemy.

After he has placed the weapon in the spot from where he took it, his part is finished, and he quietly seats himself with the group already pledged to the war. The same is acted over and over by others, till the ranks of war are filled.

Mr. C. I have often read of *war dances*,

but I never felt before as if I had seen one. Their strength must be prodigious.

Mr. P. Their muscular strength is so great, that when under a high degree of excitement they have become frantic, one man will make the ground tremble round him, as well as under his feet.

Jerome. How long do they continue their dances?

Mr. C. P. Sometimes a whole night.

Mr. W. P. What a contrast there must have been between this scene, and the one on the Sabbath among the Christian Indians.

Mrs. P. Yes, heathenism and Christianity were finely contrasted. I think it must have awakened deeper interest for missions in the breast of every beholder.

Mr. C. P. I find the public are daily becoming more interested in behalf of the missions at the North West. The *route* to Green Bay is getting to be quite a fashionable one.

Mr. C. An excursion to the lakes must be a very pleasant one in the summer.

Mr. C. P. And a visit to our missionary stations in that quarter, will gratify every friend of humanity, as well as every friend of Christ.

Mrs. P. I wish to hear in what condition Mr. Marsh found the church and congregation, when he arrived.

Mr. C. P. Mr. Ambler had been in feeble health and was obliged to leave, and the Indians had suffered a great deal from sickness. Dr. Foot, of the garrison, manifested much Christian sympathy and kindness, in rendering professional aid, and furnishing medicine gratuitously, in their trouble.

Cornelia. Who supplied the place of Mr. Ambler?

Mr. C. P. Mr. Stevens, and his wife, who are now settled in the mission-house with Mr. Marsh. Mrs. Stevens attends to the household concerns, and Mr. Stevens instructs in the school.

Cornelia. How large is it at this time?

Mr. C. P. Last summer they had forty-five children in the week-day school, and about the same number in the Sabbath school, which is very interesting.

Mrs. P. How large is the church?

Mr. C. P. There were between forty and fifty members, several months ago, and more were expected to come forward about this time. In this church are many persons of deep and ardent piety, and they generally appear sincerely attached to the great truths

of the gospel. Surrounded with evil examples, and tempted strongly to drink whiskey, some have fallen, but have returned with apparent humility and penitence.

Mrs. P. How are their religious services conducted upon the Sabbath?

Mr. C. P. They usually have a sermon in English in the forenoon, and in the afternoon it is interpreted. Though the people understand English preaching and can read English books, yet they understand their own language better, and commonly speak it in their daily intercourse with each other. Towards evening, they have a meeting at their own houses, similar to our conference meetings, carried on principally by themselves.

In the course of the week, they have two other meetings, one for reading and expounding Scripture, the other a church conference.

Since they formed a Temperance Society, that subject has deeply interested them, and its restraints have exerted a salutary influence over their whole community.

Mr. C. It is not confined to the church, then, I presume.

Mr. C. P. No, it embraces all the leading men and women of the tribe. It is with the Indians just as it is with us, where temperance prevails, the people are industrious, or-

derly, and comparatively happy. And those who yield to temptation, are miserable and degraded.

Cornelia. You mentioned the sickness, uncle ; what occasioned it ?

Mr. C. P. I do not know ; Green Bay is a remarkably healthy place. Our mission house stands in a healthy spot, upon the banks of the river, and the land around rather elevated. The sickness prevailed most among young children, a number of whom died ; but I do not recollect any deaths of grown persons, except Captain Hendricks and his daughter Betsy.

Delia. What ailed them ?

Mr. C. P. Betsy died of a consumption, and her father was aged, and had been very intemperate.

Cornelia. Were either of them pious ?

Mr. C. P. The daughter gave the most comfortable evidence of genuine piety, being always patient and resigned. Though her sufferings were great and long continued, she would say, "It is all right, because God does it." Her whole thoughts seemed to be upon religion. She faithfully warned all those who were about her to flee from the wrath to come, and pointed them to Christ for pardon and safety. Her father died three or four

days before she did, being more than seventy years of age. He was a descendant of the royal family of chiefs, and for a long time the head chief of the nation. General Washington gave him a Captain's commission in the United States' army, and he was present at the taking of General Burgoyne, and rendered important service to the country. He had a strong mind and was considered one of the most able counsellors and speakers the nation ever produced.

Mr. P. What were his views at the approach of death?

Mr. C. P. He spoke of his intemperate habits with deep regret, and lamented that he had so long neglected the concerns of his soul.

Cornelia. O how melancholy !

Mrs. P. His case is melancholy indeed ; but there are many such, even among ourselves.

Mr. C. P. True, but the condition of those who live and die impenitent under the full blaze of gospel light, seems more dreadful to me, than even that of the heathen.

Mr. W. P. I believe the doom of the ungodly from Christian lands, will be harder to bear, than that of those from pagan countries. Is there nothing we can do, brother, to bring

the gospel into contact with those savage tribes that were engaged in the war-dance?

Mr. C. P. Yes, brother; we can pray and give money, if we can do nothing else. Their moral condition is very deplorable; a missionary said, "I know not of a single Christian among all the Me-nom-i-nies or Win-e-ba-goes; they are all in pagan darkness; and intemperance, like a mighty river, is bearing them onward upon its fiery bosom, to eternity."

Mrs. P. The Stockbridge church must, in that dark region, literally be a "light shining in a dark place."

Mr. C. P. It is so; and the rays would be brighter and more numerous, if Christians would increase their prayers and alms.

Mrs. C. How many persons are attached to the Green Bay Mission?

Mr. C. P. The Rev. Mr. Marsh is the missionary pastor, and his helpers are Mr. and Mrs. Stevens. This little establishment is conducted in the most judicious and economical manner, all concerned in it being frugal, self-denying, and laborious persons. To convince you that I am not singular in my views on the importance of missionary zeal and efforts to bring the heathen Indians to "sit at the feet of Jesus clothed and in their

right minds," I will read an extract from a letter written by a gentleman the day after attending public worship with the Stockbridge tribe, last summer, and this extract will close my account of the Green Bay mission.

(Reads.) "While listening to the songs of Zion, so sweetly uttered by these children of the forest last evening, accompanied with all its associations, I found myself repeatedly and involuntarily exclaiming within myself, 'Have I lived so long, and enjoyed so many privileges, to come here, where it is supposed no such privileges are had, to be raised in feeling nearer to heaven than I ever found myself before?' Many times did I think in the midst of the scenes brought before me yesterday, could the whole Christian world see and hear *this*, they would forget all else they were doing, and run, and come bending, like the angels of heaven, who delight in errands of mercy, over these persecuted children of the wilderness, and never leave them, till they were all converted to Christ. It would open their hearts and all their treasures, and nothing would be wanting to advance and consummate so benevolent a design."

Mr. C. I think I can never forget the poor, ignorant, neglected Indians, for I feel thoroughly convinced that Indian reform is

practicable, and feel it a solemn duty to engage heartily in the great and good work.

Mr. W. P. Brother Claiborne, you are at last brought to the very point where I have so long been praying to see you ; and He that has begun, I trust, will carry on this work, till you, and through your prayers and efforts, many lost heathen, will one day "sit together in heavenly places."

Delia. Cousin Cornelia, will you not attend our missionary meeting to-morrow, and tell us something *new and interesting*?

Cornelia. I will cheerfully attend, but what can I tell more interesting than to repeat what uncle Pelham has told us about the missions at Mackinaw and Green Bay?

Delia. Perhaps you cannot tell us anything *better*, but we have heard all about these missions, and can tell a good story concerning them after you go home. Now, if you will give an account of a station that will be new to us and to others, you will make me very happy.

Jerome. And me too, cousin.

Cornelia. What shall I tell them, uncle?

Mr. C. P. I presume you are acquainted with the progress of the Indian missions in the State of New York, and the one at Maumee, in Ohio.

Cornelia. Yes, uncle, I am.

Mr. C. P. Very well—then take them up in course ; you will find the children will be highly entertained with the history of each.

Talbot. O what a *good* uncle !

Jerome and Delia. And what a *good, kind* cousin !

Mr. C. P. Come, do let us once more sing together.

Mr. C. What shall we sing ?

Mr. C. P. What sister Pelham likes best.

Mrs. P. Then it must be the “Star of Bethlehem.” (All sing.)

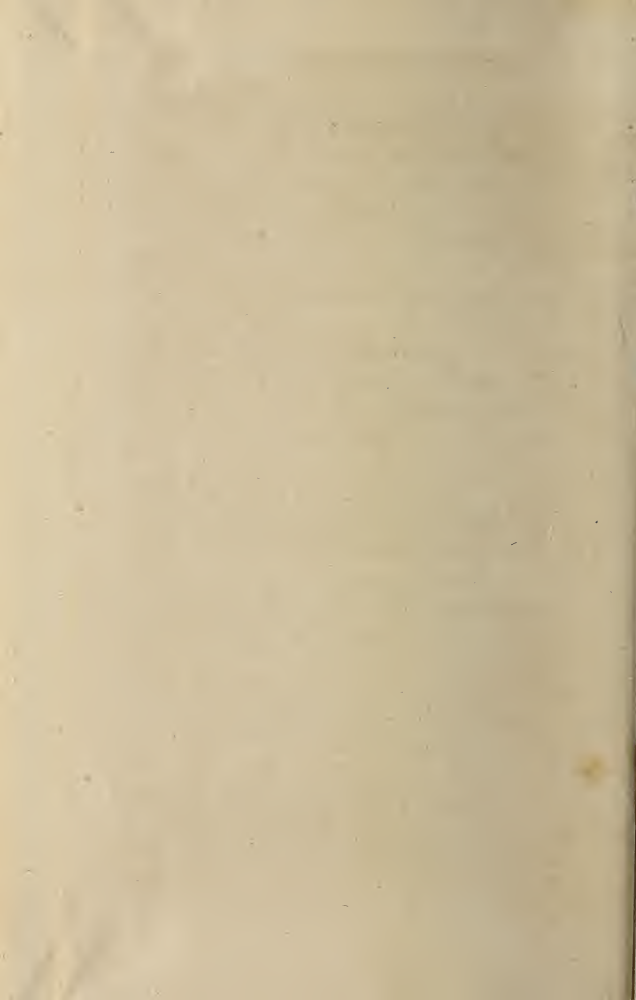
Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

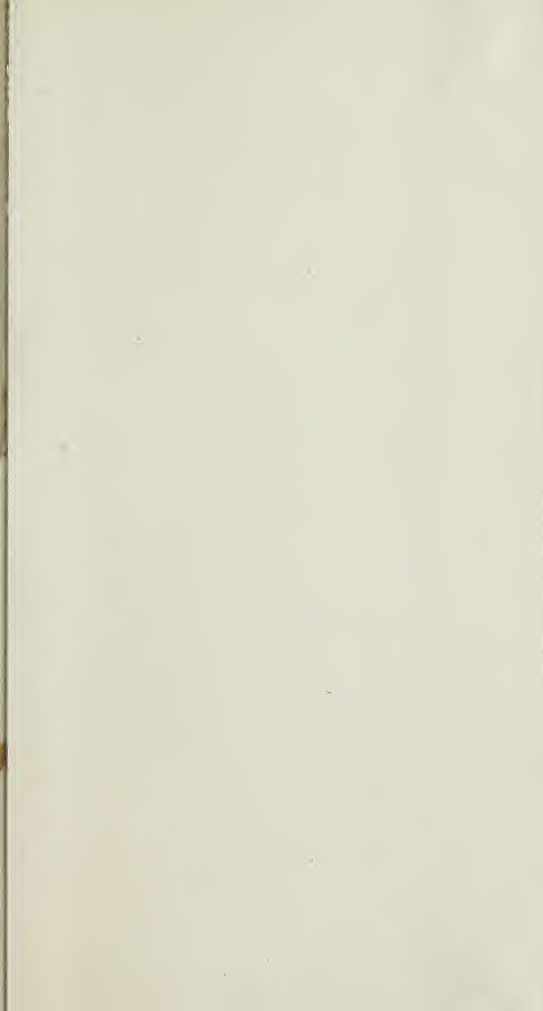
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

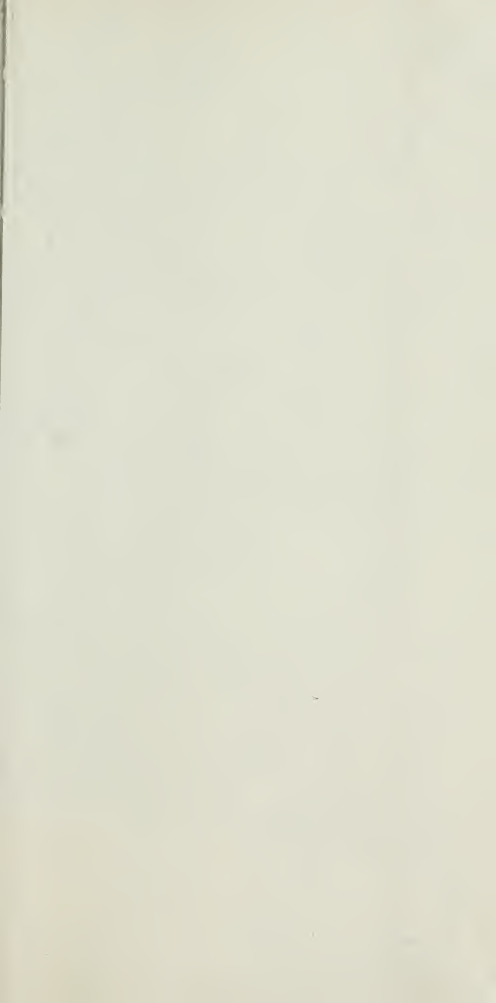
It was my light, my guide, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

The first of these was the establishment of the
city of Boston in 1630. The second was the
establishment of the city of New York in 1624.
The third was the establishment of the city of
Philadelphia in 1682. The fourth was the
establishment of the city of London in 1666.
The fifth was the establishment of the city of
Paris in 1661. The sixth was the
establishment of the city of Rome in 1644.
The seventh was the establishment of the city of
Vienna in 1683. The eighth was the
establishment of the city of Constantinople in 1667.
The ninth was the establishment of the city of
Istanbul in 1660. The tenth was the
establishment of the city of Cairo in 1698.
The eleventh was the establishment of the city of
Baghdad in 1691. The twelfth was the
establishment of the city of Bombay in 1688.
The thirteenth was the establishment of the city of
Calcutta in 1700. The fourteenth was the
establishment of the city of Madras in 1639.
The fifteenth was the establishment of the city of
Bengal in 1690. The sixteenth was the
establishment of the city of Pondicherry in 1674.
The seventeenth was the establishment of the city of
Mauritius in 1638. The eighteenth was the
establishment of the city of Reunion in 1665.
The nineteenth was the establishment of the city of
Nagasaki in 1639. The twentieth was the
establishment of the city of Yokohama in 1859.
The twenty-first was the establishment of the city of
Kobe in 1863. The twenty-second was the
establishment of the city of Osaka in 1868.
The twenty-third was the establishment of the city of
Kyoto in 1868. The twenty-fourth was the
establishment of the city of Tokyo in 1868.
The twenty-fifth was the establishment of the city of
Hankow in 1858. The twenty-sixth was the
establishment of the city of Shanghai in 1842.
The twenty-seventh was the establishment of the city of
Tientsin in 1858. The twenty-eighth was the
establishment of the city of Peking in 1860.
The twenty-ninth was the establishment of the city of
Tientsin in 1858. The thirtieth was the
establishment of the city of Peking in 1860.







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